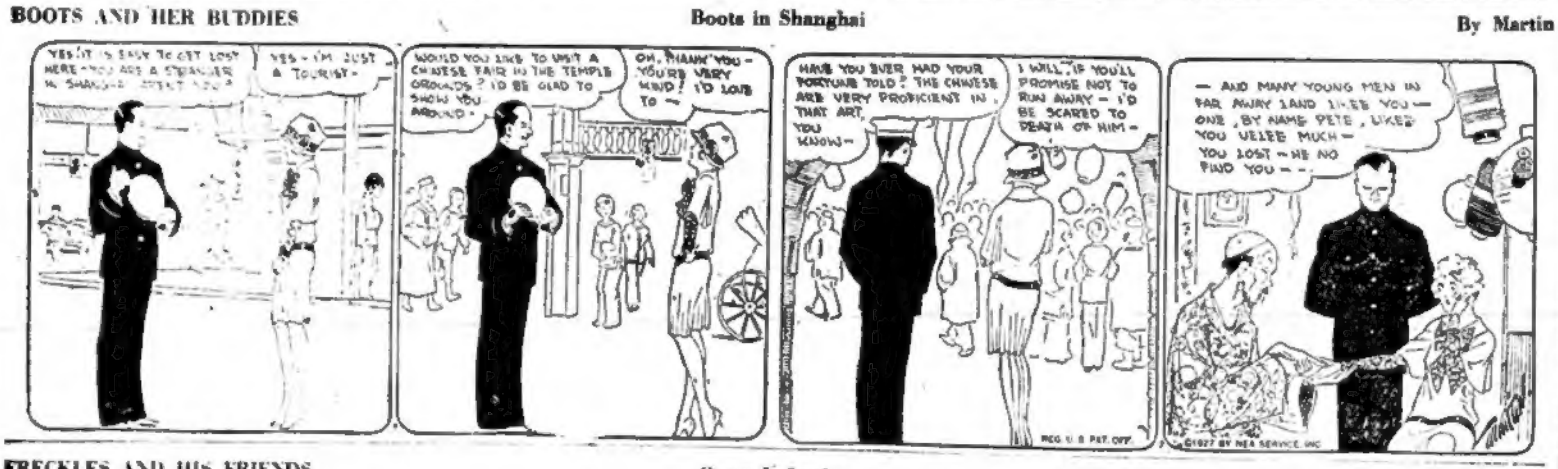
SALESMAN SAM — Fifty-Fifty — By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Boots in Shanghai — By Martin



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — Oscar Is Lucky — By Blosser

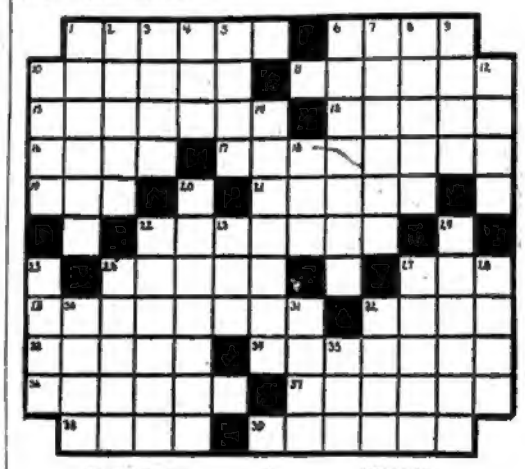
MOM'N POP — The Other Kind — By Taylor

BOUND TO WIN — By Edwin Alger

WASHINGTON TUBBS II — By Crane

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

This is a difficult puzzle and its solution challenges you to an excellent mental workout.



HORIZONTAL

1. To perforate the skull with a special instrument
6. Type of fuel used in motor boats
10. To cringe.
11. Barge-boat.
12. Company.
13. Experiment
15. Last word in a prayer.
17. Man's working garment
18. Genus of wild cattle
21. City keystone
22. Caustic.
24. Plant cultivated for its fiber.
27. To observe.
29. One who asserts a right.
32. A state of profound sensibility
33. Name of a book.
34. Having a flat surface.
36. Foreigners.
37. Badgerlike animals.
38. Any wrongful act (law.)
39. Calm.

VERTICAL

1. Quivering motion.
2. Wanders.
3. Opposite of odd.
4. Ha
5. Tow.
6. Sea lion (pl. of rhesus (pl.))
7. Eating
8. Axle
9. Wild ox.
14. To seize.
16. Irritate.
19. Abdomen
20. Ewe
23. Regards.
25. Machine for affixing addressed labels.
26. Fuel
28. Weapon
30. Ire (L.)
31. Pronoun
32. A noble deer.
34. Organ of sound
35. Testimonial evidence.
37. Net weight of container
38. Feminine.
39. Obstruction.

Answer to yesterday's puzzle:

LEGAL NOTICES

WESTCHESTER COUNTY PARK COMMISSION
Contract No. 118

Sealed bids for the construction of three stone faced reinforced concrete arch spans at Mile 4.1 on Bronx River Road and Other Bridge P. in the Hutchinson River Parkway, in the City of Rochelle, Town of East Chester, Westchester County, N. Y., will be received at the office of the Westchester County Park Commission, 25 Wall Street, Mount Vernon, N. Y., on Tuesday, April 12th, 1927. Plans and specifications may be seen, and bids may be obtained at the office of the Commission.

The principal items are:

Excavation	[illegible]
Fill	[illegible]
Portland Cement	[illegible]
Concrete	[illegible]
Masonry	[illegible]
Reinforcing Steel	[illegible]
Miscellaneous Metal	[illegible]
Form Work	[illegible]
Retaining Bridges	[illegible]
Maintaining Traffic	[illegible]

Complete contracting information, including form of proposal, bid bond, and contract drawings may be obtained on or after the advertising address or the office of the Commission.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY PARK COMMISSION
By JAY DOWNER,
Chief Engineer.

Dated April 6, 1927.

CORPORATION NOTICE
CITY OF YONKERS

Proposals for Alterations and Repairs to the City Hospital Buildings As Per Specifications.

Office of the
Board of Contract and Supply
Yonkers, N. Y., April 8, 1927.

Pursuant to special ordinance No. 537 (1926), of the Common Council adopted Nov. 23, 1926, sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Board of Contract and Supply, City Hall, Yonkers, N. Y., until 2:00 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, April 12, 1927, for making certain repairs to the City Hospital Buildings in accordance with the specifications on file in the office of the Board of Contract and Supply.

Copies of the form of proposals, specifications and contract for the aforementioned work may be obtained at the office of the Secretary of the Board of Contract and Supply, and only such bids as are made upon said forms will be accepted.

Each proposal to be enclosed in a sealed envelope addressed to the Board of Contract and Supply endorsed with the title of the work, with the name and address of the bidder, to be accompanied by the consent of two individual sureties, freeholders, or of an acceptable surety company to execute the contract if awarded, as surety and guarantor of its full performance.

No bid will be allowed to be withdrawn for any reason whatever after it has been deposited with the Secretary of the Board of Contract.

On all contracts with the City for more than two thousand five hundred dollars ($2,500), only the bond of a surety company will be accepted.

Each bid to be accompanied in a separate envelope by a certified check to the order of George Griot, Treasurer, for not less than five per cent (5%) of the total amount of the proposal.

JOHN B. KINGSTON,
Secretary of Board of Contract and Supply.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Separate sealed bids or proposals for the following work required in connection with the erection of an addition and alteration for the Hall of Records, Westchester County Court House, White Plains, N. Y.

Item A: For the erection and completion (exclusive of plumbing and heating work)
Item B: Plumbing work
Item C: Heating work

will be received at the office of the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, at the above time, White Plains, N. Y., April 27, 1927, until 10 A. M. (Daylight Saving Time).

Specifications, drawings and all information relative to the same may be procured either from Benjamin W. Morris, Architect, 101 Park Avenue, New York City, or from Frank J. Doyle, County Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, Court House, White Plains, N. Y., on posting bond in the sum of Twenty dollars ($20) for the general drawings and specifications, and two dollars ($2) for drawings and specifications for plumbing and heating. One-half of the above amounts in each case will be returned to the bidder making such deposit upon returning such plans and specifications within ten days after the awarding of the contract for the doing of such work.

Each separate bid or proposal must be accompanied by certified check in three per cent of the amount bid payable to the Treasurer of the County of Westchester, same to be forfeited to the County of Westchester, as liquidated damages in case of failure on the part of the successful bidder to enter into a contract for the execution of the work awarded to him and to furnish satisfactory bond within five days after notice of such award.

Each successful bidder will be required to execute a contract and furnish a surety company bond in a sum equal to fifty per cent of the amount of the contract awarded to him, guaranteeing the faithful performance of the work, said contract and bond to be in the form required by the County Attorney, a copy of which contract and bond can be seen at the office of the County Attorney at the Court House, White Plains, N. Y.

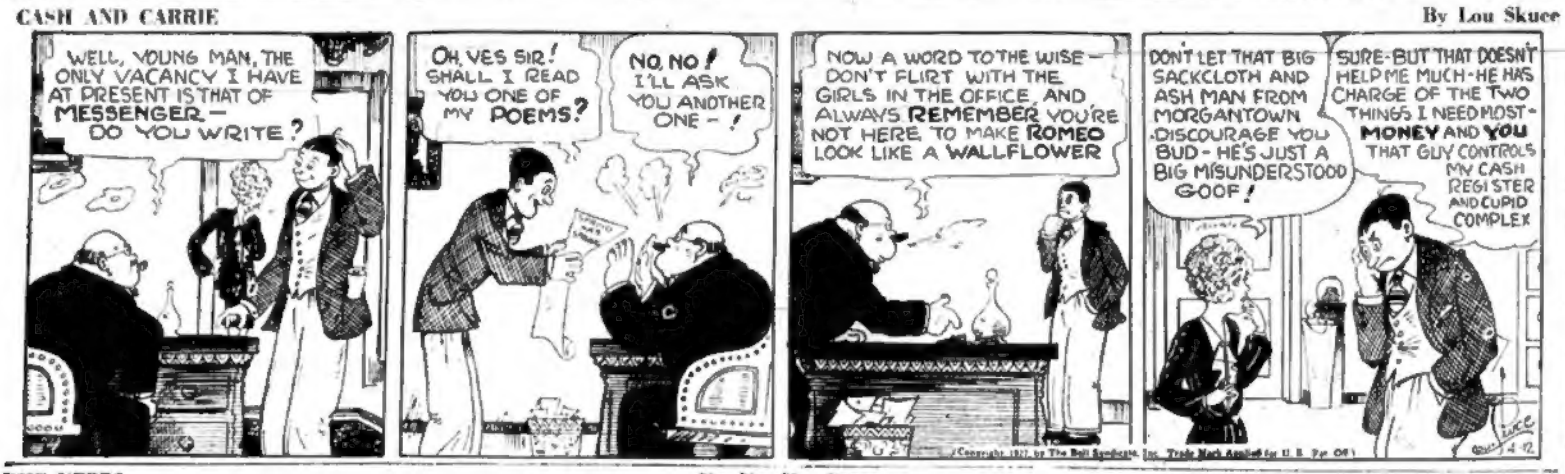
All bidders must submit their pro-

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Yonkers, N. Y., April 5, 1927.

Sealed proposals for paving [illegible] at the office of the Board of Supervisors, New York, [illegible] Avenue, [illegible] Road, [illegible] Avenue, [illegible] Avenue, [illegible] Road, [illegible] Avenue, [illegible] Avenue, [illegible] Avenue

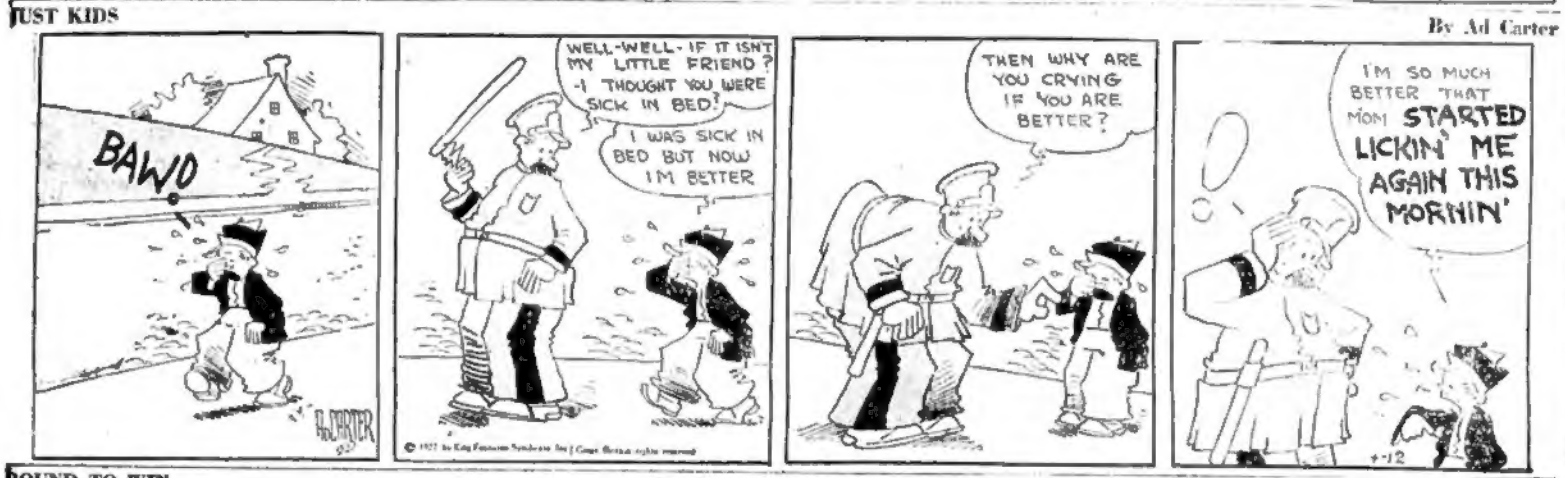
CASH AND CARRIE — By Lou Skuce


WELL, YOUNG MAN, THE ONLY VACANCY I HAVE AT PRESENT IS THAT OF MESSENGER— DO YOU WRITE?
OH, YES SIR! SHALL I READ YOU ONE OF MY POEMS?
NO, NO! I'LL ASK YOU ANOTHER ONE—!
NOW A WORD TO THE WISE— DON'T FLIRT WITH THE GIRLS IN THE OFFICE, AND ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU'RE NOT HERE TO MAKE ROMEO LOOK LIKE A WALLFLOWER
DON'T LET THAT BIG SACKCLOTH AND ASH MAN FROM MORGANTOWN DISCOURAGE YOU BUD— HE'S JUST A BIG MISUNDERSTOOD GOOF!
SURE—BUT THAT DOESN'T HELP ME MUCH—HE HAS CHARGE OF THE TWO THINGS I NEED MOST— MONEY AND YOU THAT GUY CONTROLS MY CASH REGISTER AND CUPID COMPLEX

THE NEBBS — Yes Yes You Bet — By Sol Hess

YESTERDAY RUDY AND OBIE ADVISED AMBROSE TO WHIP UP ON HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE IF HE WANTED TO BE COMPETITION FOR THE STYLISH MR. KEPHART— HERE WE HAVE THE RESULT—
THIS STUFF DOES MAKE YOUR HAIR SHINY AND MAKES IT LAY STRAIGHT. I FOOLED AWAY A LOT OF TIME NOT CARING SO MUCH ABOUT MY LOOKS.
I CAN'T SEE NOTHING SO TERRIBLE WRONG WITH ME—'COURSE I GUESS A FELLER GETS A LITTLE MORE PLEASURE OUT OF HIS LOOKS THAN OTHER FOLKS DO.
AND THESE FEET MITTENS CERTAINLY LOOK GOOD—RUDOLPH HAD 'EM—HE'S UP-TO-DATE HE IS—HE'S GOT EVERYTHING BUT MONEY.
I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T SEE NOTHIN' DIFFERENT ABOUT ME—I CAN DRESS UP A BIT IF I HAVE A NOTION!
I NOTICE YOU'RE SLICKED UP A BIT— BUT THAT AIN'T EVERYTHING—SWEET WORDS IS MORE THAN ALL THE HAIR GLUE AND SHOE CUFFS—I'M A SENTIMENTAL GIRL—I DON'T CARE TO HEAR ABOUT MONEY IN BANKS WHEN NONE OF IT EVER COMES OUT
W A Cobbs

JUST KIDS — By Ad Carter


BAWO
WELL-WELL- IF IT ISN'T MY LITTLE FRIEND? -I THOUGHT YOU WERE SICK IN BED!
I WAS SICK IN BED BUT NOW I'M BETTER
THEN WHY ARE YOU CRYING IF YOU ARE BETTER?
I'M SO MUCH BETTER THAT MOM STARTED LICKIN' ME AGAIN THIS MORNIN'

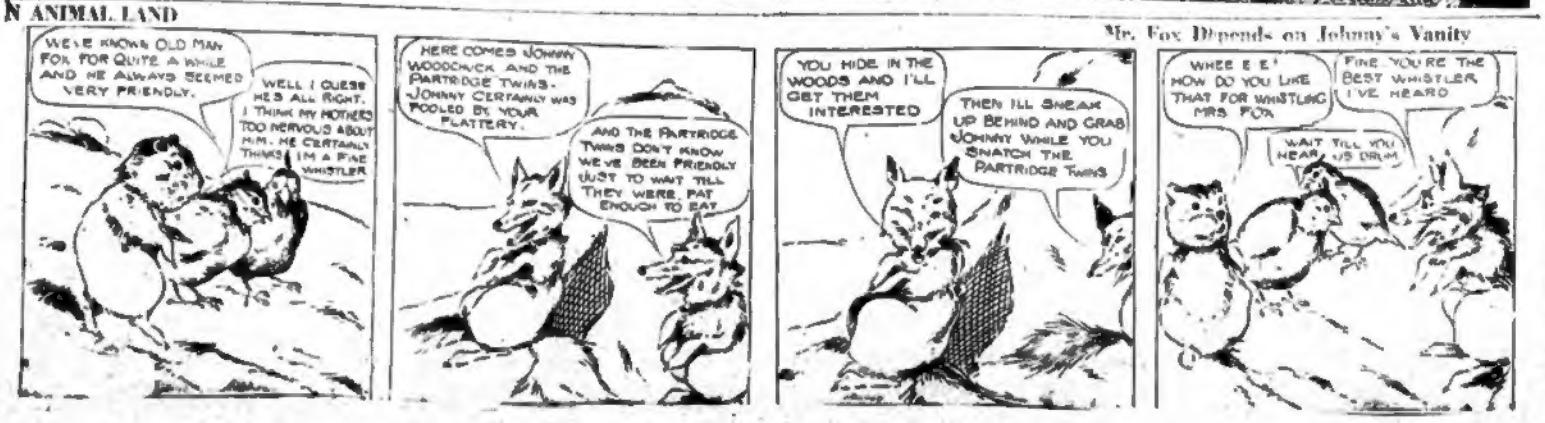
BOUND TO WIN — Landing The Contraband — By Edwin Alger

WHEN PHIL HARDY REGAINED CONCIOUSNESS HIS ENTIRE BODY THROBBED WITH PAIN. THERE HE LAY, BOUND HAND AND FOOT AND GAGGED, UTTERLY HELPLESS.
MEANTIME A TEMPESTUOUS WIND SPRUNG UP, WHIPPING THE TREACHEROUS WATERS OF SKELETON BAY INTO SNARLING, ANGRY WAVES.
WELL, BALDY, WE MADE IT JUST IN TIME, EH?
AYE, GHOST, WE DID!
THE OLD CHINA QUEEN TREATED US RIGHT DIDN'T SHE?
I'LL SAY SHE DID BUT LISSEN, GHOST, WE GOTTA GET A HUMP ON— SOON AS GORE AND THE RUNT COME BACK WE GOTTA MOVE THIS STUFF!
LOOK! WHAT'S THAT?
A SHIP AND SHE'S FLYIN' DISTRESS SIGNALS OR I MISS MY GUESS!

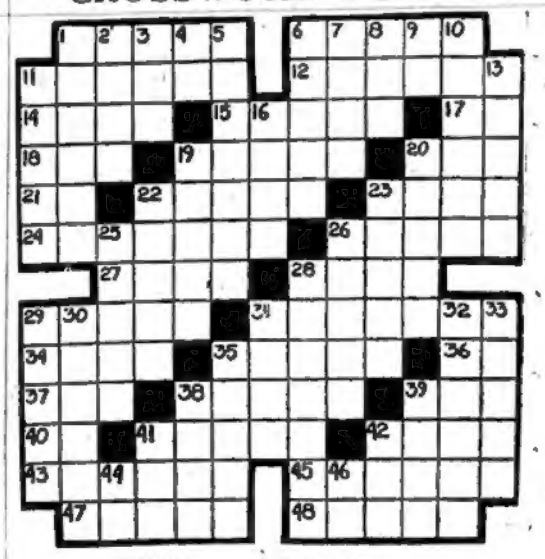
POTASH AND PERLMUTTER — Down Where The Bullet-Proof Vest Begins — By Montague Glass

AFTER DUSAKIN HAD REFUSED TO BE THE SUB-CONTRACTOR FOR POTASH AND PERLMUTTER'S CONTRACT TO GUARD FEINRUBIN THE MILLIONAIRE, THEY SUGGEST THAT FEINRUBIN TRY OTHER METHODS OF KEEPING SAFE.
LISTEN MR FEINRUBIN, WHILE I'M PERFECTLY WILLING TO BE A BODY-GUARD IN MODERATION, I HATE TO PUT YOU TO THE EXPENSE!
I'M NOT KICKING ABOUT THE EXPENSE.
WHO ASKED YOU TO SAVE MR FEINRUBIN'S MONEY, AGE?
BUT ONLY YESTERDAY I READ IT WHERE YOU COULD BUY A BULLET-PROOF VEST FOR $6.90!
I'VE TRIED THEM— THEY'RE USELESS!
THERE! YOU SEE, AGE? HE'S TIRED THEM!
DID THE BULLET GO THROUGH THE VEST, AND HIT YOU, EXCUSE ME, IN THE STUMMICK?
I NEVER WORE ONE PERSONALLY BUT I PAID $30. FOR THE BULLET-PROOF VEST I BOUGHT FOR MY LAST BODYGUARD— I GOT A NICE LETTER OF APPRECIATION FROM HIS WIDOW!
HIS WIDOW! HAWRUSS!!

IN ANIMAL LAND — Mr. Fox Depends on Johnny's Vanity


WE'VE KNOWN OLD MAN FOX FOR QUITE A WHILE AND HE ALWAYS SEEMED VERY FRIENDLY.
WELL I GUESS HE'S ALL RIGHT. I THINK MY MOTHER'S TOO NERVOUS ABOUT HIM. HE CERTAINLY THINKS I'M A FINE WHISTLER
HERE COMES JOHNNY WOODCHUCK AND THE PARTRIDGE TWINS. JOHNNY CERTAINLY WAS FOOLED BY YOUR FLATTERY.
AND THE PARTRIDGE TWINS DON'T KNOW WE'VE BEEN FRIENDLY JUST TO WAIT TILL THEY WERE FAT ENOUGH TO EAT
YOU HIDE IN THE WOODS AND I'LL GET THEM INTERESTED
THEN I'LL SNEAK UP BEHIND AND GRAB JOHNNY WHILE YOU SNATCH THE PARTRIDGE TWINS
WHEE E E! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FOR WHISTLING MRS FOX
FINE YOU'RE THE BEST WHISTLER I'VE HEARD
WAIT TILL YOU HEAR US DRUM

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A double totoh and grinder.
4 One of a mendicant order of monks.
11 To amend.
12 A state of disorder.
Pa 14 Employed.
15 Classic woodland deities.
17 The act of doing.
18 An evergreen tree.
19 Grayish-orange.
20 To acquire by paying an agreed price.
21 Third note of scale.
22 Assumed an attitude.
23 A mineral divisible into transparent plates.
24 Parts of a dress.
26 A famous tower.
27 Exigency.
28 To make dirty.
29 Tombs.
31 One devoted to learning.
34 Parts of the body.
35 Thin narrow strips of wood.
36 Each (abbr.)
37 Demure.
38 Ultimate indivisible particles of matter.
39 A male sheep.
40 Upon.
41 Be indebted to (archaic).
42 Enlarged.
43 A drug as in the diuretic coupe.
45 Round puffed.

VERTICAL

1 Situated on the hillside.
2 Revered.
3 Tore.
4 Like.
5 Declined to accept.
6 A substance the particles of which are readily separable.
7 Skin of fruit.
8 A possessive pronoun.
9 By.
10 To diminish.
13 Paramours.
20 The holy book.
22 A British nobleman.
23 Young unmarried women.
25 A hostile army.
26 Conflicts.
28 Made marks with a die.
29 Hog's flesh salted and dried.
30 Flattened out.
31 A small bitter plum.
32 Approached.
33 Domesticated.
35 Austere.
38 Opposite to a weather.
39 Went on a horse.
41 To start aside from fear.
42 Sap of some trees.
44 Toward.
46 Behold.

This puzzle took 17 minutes to solve. See how long it will take you to solve it.

11. Large frilled collars.
13. Regal.
16. Greek God of war.

Last Puzzle Answer

A	C	I	D		D	E	M	I		B	O	B
D	A	T	E		E	V	E	R		A	N	Y
O	R		W	I	V	E		K	I	N		
	B	E		S	I	N	S		F	A	T	S
L	U	N	A		L	E	A	S		L	A	P
A	N	T	I	S		D	I	E	T		N	O
S	C	O	R	N	S		D	E	S	O	T	O
T	L		S	O	U	P		N	A	T	A	L
L	E	G		B	R	A	D		R	I	M	S
Y	S	E	R		F	L	E	A		C	O	
		L	E	E		L	E	T	S		U	S
E	L	I		G	R	I	M		P	A	N	E
M	A	D		O	D	D	S		A	N	T	E

(Copyright, 1927)

LEGAL NOTICE

In pursuance of an order of the Honorable George A. Slater, Surrogate of the County of Westchester, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Pierre J. Smith late of the County of Westchester deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscribers at their place of transacting business at the offices of DeWitt, Lockman & DeWitt, their attorneys, at No. 49 Nassau Street in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York on or before the 28th day of May next.

Dated New York, the 8th day of November 1926.

REGINALD DEWITT SMITH,
FREDERIC I. LOCKMAN,
Executors.

DEWITT, LOCKMAN & DEWITT,
Attorneys for Executors,
No. 49 Nassau Street,
Borough of Manhattan,
New York City.

TAX SALE NOTICE
CITY OF YONKERS

Continuation of Sale of Tax Liens

A sale of tax liens on lands and tenements, or any portion thereof, in the City of Yonkers, heretofore noticed and advertised to be held on March 8, 1927 and held on said day, pursuant to said notice and advertisement, is hereby further continued to April 12, 1927, at 2:30 P. M. on said day in Room 193, City Hall, Yonkers, N. Y., pursuant to Section 7 Article V-a of the Supplemental Charter of the City of Yonkers, as Chapter 482 of the Laws of 1908 as amended by Chapter 454 of the Laws of 1911, and as further amended by Chapter 487 Laws of 1927.

Dated Yonkers, N. Y., March 9 1927

GEORGE GIBBS,
Treasurer, City of Yonkers.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY PARK COMMISSION
Contract No. 118

Sealed bids for the construction of three stone faced reinforced concrete bridges located at Wilmont Road, Hill Road and River Bridge-P. in the Hutchinson River Parkway, City of New Rochelle, Town of Eastchester, Westchester County, N. Y., will be received at the office of the Westchester County Park Commission, 73 West Pondfield Road, Bronxville, N. Y., until 11:30 A. M., April 27th, 1927, Daylight Saving Time, when the bids received will be publicly opened and read.

The principal items are:

Excavation	9,800 cu. yds.
Fill	11,000 cu. yds.
Portland Cement	4,300 bbls.
Concrete	2,600 cu. yds.
Masonry	450 cu. yds.
Reinforcing Steel	250,000 lbs.
Miscellaneous Metal	2,300 lbs.
Fibre Duct	200 lin. ft.
Removing Bridges	
Maintaining Traffic	

Pamphlets containing information for bidders, form of proposal, specifications and contract drawings may be obtained by intending bidders at the above address by depositing $5.00.

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY PARK COMMISSION
By JAY DOWNER,
Chief Engineer.

Dated: April 8, 1927.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Notices

Personals 8

MRS. E. SMITH—Turnover and necklace Thurs. 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. 18 Woodworth Ave.

LET US collect your outstanding accounts and personal debts for you. Goodell Service. Phone Yonkers 7249.

MADAM ARLEY—Gives readings daily from 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. Spiritualist meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 8 p. m. Take Mt. Vernon trolley to South 6th Ave., and Pine St., walk over bridge two blocks to 500 Valentine St., Mt. Vernon. Te. Oakwood 5519.

Lost and Found 8

CAT—Yellow American with white nose and white throat in. Return to Weber, 45 Hill Terrace, Nepperhan.

DOG—Small black and tan, with white patch on chest, wearing spiked bull dog collar. Answers to name of "Dyp." Yonkers 8736-J. Reward.

FOUND—on South Broadway and Valentine Lane, umbrella in Regale Service case. Owner please call at Van Ness Brothers, 355 South Broadway.

Employment Agencies 9A

WHEN WE say "A good position for every graduate we mean it." CONDON'S BUSINESS INSTITUTE, "The School on the Square." Consolidated with Hall's Business School 34 years in Yonkers. 1-3 Getty Square. Phone Yonkers 4263.

McBRIDE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU—And S. S. Ticket Agency for domestic help of all kinds. 31 Main St. Tel. Yonkers 1402.

MRS. RITTIE WILSON—Employment Agency. Reliable help of all nationalities by day, week, month. 2 School St. Tel. Yon. 3597.

STENOGRAPHERS, TYPISTS, BOOKKEEPERS, CLERKS. EMPIRE VOCATIONAL BUREAU, Room 508, Pittsburgh Building.

Help Wanted—Female 9

BOOKKEEPER — Yonkers office. Thoroughly experienced D. E. bookkeeping. $20-$30. The Spencer Agency, 210 Proctor Bldg.

SALESLADY—In dry goods store, one who speaks Polish. Apply 316 Ashburton Ave. Yon. 9307.

YOUNG WOMEN

LIVING IN VICINITY

OF

YONKERS

ARE REQUIRED AS

NIGHT

TELEPHONE OPERATORS

PERMANENT POSITIONS

ADVANCEMENT ASSURED

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

APPLY

CHIEF OPERATOR

40 MAIN STREET

YONKERS, N. Y.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.

FLICKERS

A look at those
Who motor on Sunday
Convinces Flickers
That it won't be long
Before automobile riding
Will be the sport of only
The old fashioned people.

JIM'S WISDOM.

Jim Olms says the most unreasonable husband will become gentle if handled right.

Never do anything that you wouldn't just the soon the whole world would see you doing, except, perhaps, take a bath.

BE WHO LAUGHS LAST—

A man laughed
The other day
While going
To be hanged,
But he hasn't
Laughed since.

Men are so unmalliant. One supposed to be dead recently turned up before his "widow" had a chance to collect the insurance.

TODAY'S STORYETTE.

They were climbing a lofty peak of the Alps, and she was standing a few feet above him. She turned around and gazed in wonderment.

"What," he asked, "what do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long, white sheet stretching like a paper ribbon almost back to our hotel.

"Ha! Ha!" he ejaculated. "It's the hotel bill overtaking us."

We rather love
"Bucky" Harris
For letting
The old man,
Walter Johnson,
Go down fighting.
There is too little
Sentiment
In the world.

How yeh going to keep liquor out of politics until yeh get it out of the politicians?

Man's inhumanity to man isn't so bad when one considers woman's.

A TOAST.

Here's to us all.
God help us.

It must make the art students sit up and take notice to see what nature is about to do with the autumn foliage.

Often it is almost as difficult to unpark as it is to find a place in park the thing.

Despite prohibition
Grapes still seem
To have the habit
Of squeezing themselves
Into a wine barrel.

Maybe you wouldn't call it incompatibility 'cause dad spends the time mother is getting sermons over the radio, playing his favorite game of solitaire, but us kids notice it.

A kiss in the dark,
Is one thing,
But more often
Two or three.

Some men get more for their money than others, but usually the stuff ain't near so good.

You'd think
To hear some people
Talk
That they never
Dressed
For any other meal
Than dinner.

Mother keeps harping at sister to practice on the piano except when Dad's home so us kids figure that he doesn't care so much for music.

The girls fall in love with screen heroes nowadays, but they don't have the fun of following them up the street after the matinee like they used to Chester DeVon.

Sister's given up
Learnin' the Charleston
Since she kicked
A hole through
The mantel mirror
And ruined Dad's
Readin' lamp.

A girl's hope chest contains a lot of things she has to throw away after she's married or cause a lot of unpleasantness.

MARLATT—GRIGGS

Knoxville, Oct. 19.—Mrs. Jennie Marlatt, one of Jasper's best known residents and Samuel Griggs, a retired Knoxville business man, were married Sunday noon at the home of the bride in Jasper, the Rev. Philip Swart, minister of the Jasper Presbyterian Church, performing the ceremony. The couple left for Florida to spend the winter.

Guests at the ceremony were: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bruen and daughter, Mrs. Bruen being a daughter of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Coates and son Frederick, Mrs. Coates being a daughter of the bridegroom; Mrs. Bertha Boult of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., and Mrs. Orin Kettle of Jasper.

YOU TELL ONE

"Columbus was a prophet as well as a discoverer," said the American tourist, glumly.

"Why?" asked the Englishman.

"When he saw America, didn't he shout, 'I see dry land'!"—Tit-Bits.

Silhouette Sentiment

Follow me and I will show you
wonders near the ancient well.
In the well beneath the shadow
there's a mirror very still—
We can see our very faces
In the clear and silvery pool
Down within the stony basin
where it's dim and damp
and cool.

AUNT HET

"We ain't had no serious trouble since the war except I spilled grease on my black taffeta an' Pa broke his hip."

(Copyright, 1925, Associated Editors, Inc.)

HOT DOGGEREL

By B. C. HILLIAM

A CUBIST COMPLAINT.

A friend of mine has bought a painting
Of the ultra-modern school:
The title is "A Woman Painting,"
And 'twould seem that every rule
Was broken by this painting fool!
She wouldn't look like a woman,
And the paint's not like a paint
What is Art today becomin,'
When in futuristic paint
Things look just like what they ain't?
I prefer the style of painting
True to life as it can be;
As, for instance, "Women Painting"
Should at once inspire me
To run for sal volatile.

TREASURE ISLAND

Picturized by N. Brewster Morse

The Complete Novel in Daily Picture Installments (By Permission Chas. Scribners' Sons)

By Robert Louis Stevenson

TREASURE ISLAND By Robert Louis Stevenson.
THE COMPLETE NOVEL PICTURIZED BY N. BREWSTER MORSE IN THRILLING DAILY INSTALLMENTS By Permission Chas. Scribners Sons
The Widow Hawkins who runs Admiral Benbow Inn by the sea.
Jim Hawkins, her son who heeds the call of adventure.
Dr. Livesey, the Widow Hawkins' friend and counselor in time of need.
The Pirate Ship which hovered off the coast near the inn a grave menace
A Thrilling Tale Of Pirates And Buried Treasure By A World-Famous Author
THE GREAT MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE SERIES STARTING IN THIS PAPER TOMORROW

GAS BUGGIES

It's The Little Things That Start Big Quarrels

(Copyright, 1925, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

By BECK

WHEN DEY SAYS HOME TO ME DEY DOESN'T HAB TO SPEAK TWICET
YOU WERE A DARLING TO THROW THOSE OLD WORMS AWAY FOR MY SAKE - ED WOULD NEVER HAVE GONE HOME AS LONG AS THERE WAS ANY BAIT LEFT TO FISH WITH - THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE NOT SO SELFISH -
OH WELL - I COULD SEE THE PLACE WAS GETTING ON YOUR NERVES -
THAT BIG CALF L HAS BEEN SULKING EVER SINCE HEM DUMPED OUT THE BAIT - I S'POSE I'LL HAVE TO GO OVER AND PATCH THINGS UP OR WE'LL NEVER GET STARTED -
ON THE LEVEL, ED - I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD THE BAIT CAN WHEN I STARTED TO BAIL OUT THE BOAT - COME ON HOME WITH US YOU'LL HAVE TO HOOF IT - IT'S OVER A HUNDRED MILES - !!
GO AHEAD - DON'T LET ME HOLD YOU BACK - ANYBODY THAT'D PULL SUCH A DIRTY TRICK AS TO THROW OUR BAIT AWAY ON PURPOSE SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT LEAVING A GUY STRANDED IN THE WOODS -
COME NOW - YOU TWO STOP THIS SCRAPPING - YOU'RE WORSE THAN A COUPLE OF KIDS - HEMI - TELL ED YOU JUST MEANT TO DO ME A FAVOR WHEN YOU THREW THOSE WORMS OUT AND YOU'RE VERY VERY SORRY - - MAMMA DOESN'T WANT ANY MORE TROUBLE BETWEEN HER BOYS -
BECK +M.S.B.

BRINGING UP FATHER

(Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

By GEORGE M'MANUS

THERE'S NO USE TALKIN - I CERTAINLY AM GITTIN BALD - SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE TO STOP IT -
I'LL GO RIGHT DOWN TO A BARBER SHOP AN' HAVE 'EM GIVE ME A TREATMENT -
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NEXT:
GOOD MORNIN' SIR!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
NOTHIN'!
10 19

MUTT AND JEFF

They Ask For Service In A Swell Paris Hotel

See the Full Page "Mutt and Jeff" In The Sunday Telegram

(Copyright, 1925, by H. C. Fisher. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office.)

By BUD FISHER

JEFF, AS WE WANT TO MARRY YOU OFF TO AN HEIRESS WE GOTTA FLASH SOME CLASS WHILE WE'RE IN PARIS, SO THAT'S WHY I TOOK THIS EXPENSIVE ROOM AT THE CARLTON HOTEL! CLASS! WE'RE ON THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES!
W.K. VANDERBILT IS A GUEST HERE TOO!
BUT 200 FRANCS A DAY FOR A PLACE TO POUND YOUR EAR SEEMS LIKE WILD EXTRAVAGANCE TO ME, MUTT, HEIRESS OR NO HEIRESS!
WHAT ARE YOU RINGING FOR, MUTT?
WE'RE PAYING BIG MONEY FOR SERVICE AND I'M GONNA HAVE IT!
BOY, TAKE THIS WATER PITCHER OUT AND HAVE IT FILLED!
OUI, OUI!!
JUST A MINUTE, SON! JUST A MINUTE!!
OUI, OUI MONSIEUR!
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT TAKE THESE OUT AND HAVE THEM FILLED TOO!
361
PARIS

THE GUMPS

(Copyright, 1925, by Chicago Tribune)

Blue Monday

See the Full Page "Gumps" In The Sunday Telegram

By SIDNEY SMITH

HO HUM -
THE IRON INFORMATION
WELL ANYWAY, HENRIETTA, YOU HAD ONE DAY OF REST - THE BANQUET IS OVER - NOW GET
SIX MORE CENTURIES BEFORE ANOTHER SUNDAY COMES AGAIN - YOU HAD YOUR FUN SLIDING DOWN THE HILL - NOW TAKE YOUR SLED AND DRAG IT UP TO THE TOP OF THE HILL AGAIN -
SIDNEY SMITH

What's Wrong with this Picture?

NOW, MOTHER, YOU GO AND SIT DOWN —
I'M GOING TO **DO THE DISHES —!**
I DON'T MIND GETTING MY HANDS ALL RED AND SOAPY —
AND I DON'T CARE IF JIMMY DOES SEE ME
ALL DOLLED UP IN A KITCHEN APRON NOR
IF WE ARE LATE TO THE MOVIES —

CHAPIN —

Holding Your Husband

(Copyright 1926, Wheeler-Nicholson, Inc.)

By Lorene Bowman

RUNNING IN RUTS

If you find yourself running in ruts do something to jostle yourself out. The stimulating effect of improved or different environment is big. Not all tonics come from the drug store. New wall paper, gay cretonnes, a bright rug, cheerful lampshades, are all stimulants.

Kindle your own enthusiasm and keep it burning. Your husband will catch the flame also. After it gets started, put up a barbed wire fence of determination so you cannot slip back.

May be you need refurnishing. Go to a hairdresser and throw away your last ten birthdays. Watch your figure. Losing pounds is easier than losing husbands. It is scandalous to grow uninteresting. If you do you may some day have to listen to the echoing footsteps of departing love.

Be bright. Languishing and fretting are tabooed words in the modern woman's dictionary.

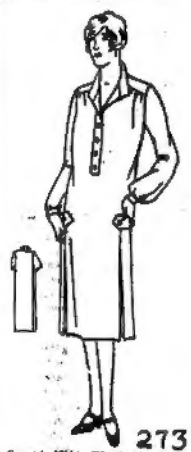
PROVERB: To follow foolish precedents, and wink with both your eyes,
Is easier than to think.
(Cowper.)

Fifth Avenue Fashions

(Copyright 1926, Wheeler-Nicholson, Inc.)

STRAIGHTLINE MODEL

Slender silhouette, distinguished by inserted plaited insets at sides below the belt. The collar is convertible. Design No. 2737 is smart made of covert cloth, wool jersey, kasha, bordered tub silk, polkadotted printed crepe, rajah silk, printed linen and



Copyright 1926 by Wheeler-Nicholson Inc.

printed linen and striped rayon. The miniature views give you an idea of how easy it is to make. See plaited insert ready to be stitched at perforations. The inset band at front is cut in one with cover and rolled with collar. The pattern may be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3 3-8 yards of 40-inch material with 1-2 yards of 32-inch contrasting. Patterns are made by the leading Fashion Designers of New York City and are guaranteed to fit perfectly. To order any pattern illustrated, send 15 cents to our Fashion Department. Be sure to state number and size and write your name and address plainly. When you order your pattern, enclose 10 cent extra and our large, new Fashion and Dressmaking Book will be sent to you. It contains hundreds of styles, picture dressmaking lessons, embroidery designs, etc.

Beauty Hints

(Copyright 1926, Wheeler-Nicholson, Inc.)

By Peggy Hopkins Joyce

Don't be afraid of good soap and water, if your skin is inclined toward extreme oiliness! Such a skin requires at least two thorough soap water scrubbings a day and some should have as many as three or four. Don't let the oil collect on the surface. It gives your complexion that greasy appearance. But always be careful that you remove all soap, after such ablutions, with plenty of cold water. Not for the woman with the oily skin are the cold creams designed. They leave small deposits of grease, in the already over-supplied pores. Or if you feel that your skin needs a special cleaning with a cream, be sure to wash it thoroughly after you have carefully removed the cream from your face. Strenuous exercise is another beauty aid in the correction of this trouble. It curbs perspiration which shin which are at the root of the brings out the impurities in the excessive oil secretion. Rich foods, such as butter, fried foods gravies must sweets, are but far all complexions, but especially trying or oily skins.

My Mother

(Copyright 1926, Wheeler-Nicholson, Inc.)

THE MOTHER OF ARTHUR CAPPER

"Every man worthy the name links his mother as the most wonderful of women," writes Senator Capper. "I think that of mine, a gentle Quaker who gave her best thought and effort to the task of rearing her according to the best lights of higher idealism.

"She was a pioneer. Pioneer life was rigorous and exacting. It took heavy toll of comfort and ease and beauty. But its very stress burnished and brought out in fine relief beauty and spirit of character. Weaklings could not survive the test. Only stout and courage could endure it.

"It is a scant half century since there was a small boy on the Kansas prairies. Yet the passing of those years has witnessed a literally marvelous change in the life of the two generations. What were then luxuries beyond the fondest dreams are today commonplace. Yet with all its poverty of luxury and comfort; with all its rigors and hardships, pioneer life had its compensations. Whatever stood from its crudities was at least sturdy and tempered.

"For whatever degree and integrity of purpose I may lay claim, I am indebted to the example of my mother. There was nothing of passive non-resistance in her Quakerism. She was inflexible in her adherence to her conception of righteousness. She was active and aggressive, though not boisterous and clamorous, in support of measures that contributed to the furthering of these conceptions. In a state that pioneered prohibition among the states, both my father and mother were potent in the great moral and economic reform.

"Under such influences I grew to thinking manhood, and this influence has served me through life. There is no more precious inheritance than the memory of a good mother."

The Well Groomed Man

(Copyright 1926, Wheeler-Nicholson, Inc.)

By Sy!

Sy! says:

That although never seen and seldom spoken of, one's underwear is most important. True, the first and most important to think of is the fit, for certainly nothing in one's outfit can make one so uncomfortable as a badly fitting union suit or drawers. One should really buy one suit, wear it a day, then decide if it is the right size and model.

Many men prefer the union suit still, but in the long run I think for

the summer the separate shirt and shorts are the most used and, if one may use the word smart in underwear, are smarter. Union suits are made now in many materials and colors. Madras is the most used material and in buying a union suit one should see that armholes are taped, instead of turned under, which adds strength, durability and comfort. This will assure a flat surface which prevents the armhole curling.

In the drawing I show a suit of striped madras, an athletic cut shirt of fine Swiss knit cotton, cut low in the armholes to insure freedom of action. These shirts are also shown in silk jersey. English shorts are the last word in smartness and comfort. These are made in imported shirtings and come in practically all solid colors and colored stripes. These are made with a small buttoned-down belt at the back which adjusts to one's exact waist measure. The articles illustrated are of wide striped light green and white material.

PERSONALS

Jack Strickland returned Wednesday to Fort Myers after visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Walter Martin and two children of Enterprise were in town Thursday visiting relatives.

W. S. Garfield and son Buster are visiting relatives in Pensacola while in town on business.

Mr. and rMs. Zollie Doak and baby have returned from Biloxi, Miss.

Mrs. E. D. H. Spiva and daughter, Mrs. Lester Long, who have been the guests of Mrs. Spiva daughter, Mrs. E. O. Jones returned to Dallas, Texas, Tuesday.

C. B. Hodges who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. M. L. Driver to his home in Montgomery.

Miss Thelma Dillions of Sheffield, Ala., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Tompkins.

Mrs. Joe Krasolsky, and guests spent Wednesday in Abbeville visiting friends and relatives.

Society

MAUDE BAUGHMAN, Editor

Office Phone 119 Residence 213

VISITING MATRON HOSTESS TO FRENDS THURSDAY—

The "party room" at the Wisteria was the scne of a lovely luncheon Thursday when Mrs. Howard Baxley of New Orleans, who is spending some time in the city, entertained. The table was attractively set and covers laid for Mesdames Jay Dinkins, Joe Harrison, Adgar Moore, J. J. Speight, I. A. Black of Lake City, Fla., E. O. Jones, W. B. Thomas, P. I. Hopkins, O. N. Bird, R. W. Beck, J. W. Rish C. C. Culpepper of Birmham, Mrs. M. L. Orr of oMntevallo, G. H. Denson, B. M. Woodham, I. C. Bates, Miss Lindt Meadows of Opelika and the hostess.

In the afternoon cards were played until three-thirty when the guests repaired to the Alabama Theatre to enjoy the picture "A Poor Girl's Romance."

Winners of prizes at cards were Mrs. O. N. Bird, Mrs. Joe Harrison and Mrs. Jay Dinkins.

MISS FRAZIER GIVES TREASURE HUNT FOR GUESTS—

Miss Rebeckah Frazier entertained Wednesday evening with a treasure hunt, honoring her guests, Miss Emily Winslett of Tuscaloosa, Miss Sara Bell and Miss Frances Hopkins of Dothan, Miss Augusta Montgomery of Attalla, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Bashinsky, who is the guest of Mrs. L. E. Bashinsky. The clues led the party to every section of town, ending at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Frazier on Rhodes circle, where the guests enjoyed an informal dance.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

* * *

Frank Bonham made his regular trip to the Southwest Georgia territory for the Dothan Produce Company today.

* * *

Mrs. W. L. Hollan of Troy is the house guest of Mrs. T. M. Espy at her home on North Oates Street.

* * * *

WOES OF THE MODERN GIRL

(Harrdales King-Hall in the Continental Edition of the London Daily Mail)

It is with feelings of deep trepidation that I approach the subject of that much abused and misunderstood creature—the Modern Girl. Only the feeling that I am one of that strange species myself and a desire to lift up my voice in defense of poor sisters, gives me courage to write this article.

The Modern Girls, so the elders and betters tell us, is all leg and no hair (the fact that the Eton crop is a mode confined to the few is ignored). She is rude, hoydenish, loose-tongued, and unfilial. She is smoking and drinking herself into an early grave. She is dislocating her anatomy by the contortions of the Charleston. She is a mass of neveres, yet bold-faced; over-sexed, yet lacking in sex attraction.

Surely this habit of labelling is one of the minor curses of the age. It is so fatally easy to pop the different types that make up our present day society into neat pigeonholes. Sailors we know, are breezy, bishops are genial, men are selfish, women are changeable, and so on. No allowance is made for the claims of individuality.

The girl of today is the victim of this dangerous habit of generalization. I say "dangerous" advisedly, for what could be truer than the old adage, "Give a dog a bad name and hang it?" Human beings are apt to live up or down, as the case may be, to the accepted opinion of them. So it is with the Modern Girl. She has been told repeatedly that she is fast, made up, frivolous—a "little devil," in fact; and a natural desire to keep in touch with her century and to shun any suspicion of dowdiness prompts her to live up to her reputation.

At heart modern girls are all very much what their ancestresses were; their characters are a very human medley of virtues and vices, stupidity and charm. The superficial differences in manner and outlook which, to the older generation, make modern girls seem a different race must be blamed on the changed and distracted world we live in since the armistice.

Financial difficulties have forced many girls of the old leisured classes into strenuous careers. It is not their fault if money-making, not love-making, occupies an increasing place in their thoughts. Contrary to the general belief, it is not so easy for a girl to earn her living and, at the same time, cultivate the minor graces that the women of a past generation used as such effective weapons against the opposite sex.

Financial independence in women may lead to elegance and chic, but it is also hard for them to guard against a certain briskness which is not altogether pleasing to masculine tastes.

A beautiful ancestress of mine, on asking her father for the "do qucl" with which to purchase a new gown, was presented by her fond parent with the necessary money concealed in a bunch of roses. According to his fastidious ideas, his daughter's pretty white hands ought not to come in contact with the sordid bank notes. The realities of life are not veiled so prettily in roses for the young ladies of today.

The Modern Girl has been accused of being hard-hearted and unsentimental. Is not her rather unsentimental outlook due to the fact that, realizing the difficulties of setting up a menage a deux in these heavily taxed days, she hesitates before allowing her carefree heart to become entangled in a

Shopping On Fifth Avenue

(Copyright 1926, Wheeler-Nicholson, Inc.)

Hail to the drape! It dominates in the realm of fashion this fall. From the crown of her hat to the lowest flowing fold of Mi-lady's taillcur, the modiste decrees there shall be drapes.

Where it softens the contours of the face, in drapping the bonnet crown, it does the same for the figure by adding flowing movement to each line of the gown, Each smart frock with a circular skirt or flounce has a certain swirl that fairly radiates grace.

From the street costumes to the evening gown, the drape is repeated. Even the wraps, by adding the cape collar adopt this free-flowing line.

Summer frocks of chiffon, crepes and taffeta are exploited with charming circular and draped effects. With the coming of autumn styles the crepes and satins continue to prefer width and movement. Many chiffon costumes are displayed for fall to be worn at the tea table and the bridge or dinner.

In Wisteria Color

One of these frocks in wisteria color, was designed with a circular bolero drooping from a yoke and the effect was repeated in the full skirt draperies.

Another chiffon of amber color boasted two jabots, one on either side of the bodice. They fell softly to the gold colored velvet sash which tied with a smashing bow in front. The side seams of the skirt were trimmed with a double ruffle effect, which fell to the hem of the frock.

One smart fall street costume combines the circular flounce on the skirt and the caped back. The lines of this popular frock are straight to the knee, where the circular flounce is put on, forming wide points. The cape is loose and straight and falls to the hip-waist line of the frock.

Some of the street gowns have circular overskirts, flaring over the hips and open at the front to reveal the short straight body of the dress.

The irregular apron effect of lace over satin, crepe or taffeta, is one popular conception of the dressy for the evening dress. Other sheer models are showing double peplins of circular cut, draped over the slim straight lines of the under-skirt.

For Draped Effects

Shirring gives ample opportunity for many draped effects on the more sheer materials. Many frocks are shirred about the hips and hang in fluttering folds. On other frocks the wide sash, tied in the front offers an excuse for the softly circular hemline.

Even the sports clothes feature many circular skirts. The two piece model with the straight belted blouse is especially attractive with a short circular skirt.

The cape is a fetching rival of the topcoat this season. The capewraps are especially trim and tailored more so than ever before. "For town and country wear," the smart shops advertise them. In other words, the cape will be seen anywhere and every where this year.

Then there is the matter of jabots. They fall in rustling cascades from the V neck dresses to the low waist lines. They cascade from shoulders to hips. They appear on the bias and on the straight but one out of every ten street frocks sport them this season.

For evening wear, the bouffant of last season continues to hold the focused eye of favor on the ample folds of its hip draperies.

CHINESE WOMEN FINDING FREEDOM IN INDUSTRY

SHANGHAI, July 30.—(AP)—The lot of Chinese women is improving. They are emancipating themselves from the thousands of years of customs which relegated them to household seclusion, if their husbands were wealthy, and to animal-like drudgery in the fields if wedded to poor men.

Recent surveys of economic conditions show that many banks and other commercial concerns are employing women of the middle and higher classes, and that many are becoming members of learned professions. Many Shanghai banks employ Chinese girls as student clerks, training them for positions as stenographers and secretaries.

Young women clerks, to the astonishment of those who knew China a decade ago, are commonly used in commercial houses of numerous cities. Women are adding greatly to the wealth of the country.

Factory and mill work is largely done by Chinese women in ports such Canton, Hankow, Tientsin, Shanghai, and Hongkong, where white influence is felt. They are used in the manufacture of jute and hosiery and in weaving of cotton.

In native villages and in agricultural district, however, women's progress is slower. They continue the patient and exacting care and feeding of silk worms, or work in rain and mud with men tilling the fields.

COOKERY KINKS

(Copyright 1926, Wheeler-Nicholson, Inc.)

By Mrs. Gabrelle E. Forbush

BREAKFAST
Baked Apples
Scrambled Eggs and Chipped Beef
Graham Gems
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Fish Chowder
Hot Toast—Tea
Coffee Jelly
Cookies
DINNER
"Alphabet" Soup
Broiled Smoked Salmon
Creamed Carrots—Boile Potatoes
Tomato salad
Date Pudding
Coffee

Graham Gems:

1 cup graham flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons molasses
1 cup flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
3 tablespoons shortening.

Mix together dry ingredients. Beat egg. Add milk, egg, molasses and melted shortening. Bake in greased gem-pans in moderate oven about 25 minutes.

Fish Chowder:

1½ lbs cod, whitefish or haddock
½ cup salt pork, cut in ½ in. cubes
2 onion sliced
½ qt. cold water
2 cups thinly sliced potatoes
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon butter
1½ tablespoon flour
1 cup hot milk
3 lbs. crackers, split in two.

Have skin and bones removed from fish at market, and have delivered with head. Cook salt pork and onions together slowly 10 minutes. Add fish head, bones and skin. Cover them with cold water, cook 20 minutes and strain into chowder. Add fish cuts in 2 inch pieces, potatoes, salt and pepper. Cook 20 minutes. Thicken milk with butter and flour bended. Mix with chowder. Add crackers moistened in cold water and cover for 5 minutes.

Broiled Smoked Salmon:

Salmon, Lemon Juice, Butter.

Soak salmon in cold water 24 hours, changing the water once. Drain, dry, place on greased broiler, and broil over moderate fire for about 5 minutes on each side, turning often. Spread with soft butter and sprinkle with lemon juice.

THE MELTING POT

Japanese Boiled Fish

Clean a large white fish and season with salt and paprika.

Boil the fish with four sliced shallots and a section of garlic, mashed.

Before the fish is quite done add a tablespoon each of buttar, soy, tarragon and Worcestshire sauce, and two sprigs of chopped parsley.

When the fish is done, serve garnished with fried parsley and boiled rice.

EARTHQUAKE IS FELT IN CHANNEL ISLANDS

ST. HELIER, Jersey Channel Islands, July 30.—(AP)—Many of the largest buildings here were rocked for several seconds by the most violent earth shock ever felt among the Channel Islands. Several chimneys collapsed.

Wonderful New Face Powder

A new French process powder that is not affected by perspiration—will not let an ugly shine come through; stays on until you take it off; fine and pure; causes the pores invisible; looks like beautiful natural skin; gives a soft velvety complexion. Get this new wonderful beauty powder called Mella-glo.

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and
JULY 31st
(Tickets limited to Aug. 4)
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GERTRUDE SHORT
COMEDY—"The Hug Bug"
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When you get your permanent wave, be sure and get one you'll enjoy. I give French Ringlet, Marcell and Round Wave with Ringlet ends.
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SATURDAY SPECIALS
for
JULY 31st.

8 Oz. Jar Wright's Silver Cream Polish 25c
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3 Octagon Scouring Cleanser 18c
12 Oz. Pkg. Newton's Cocoa 8c
1-2 Pt. Jar Mayonnaise (Best Foods Brand) 23c
$1.00 Soap Value (10 bars Eport Laundry Soap
10 boxes Lighthouse Washing Powder, all for ... 78c
Stones Cakes Shulman's Purity Butter Cakes
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THE RUTLAND EVENING NEWS

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By Ysabel Wentworth

OVER THERE

Some American tourists with much more money than sense, contributed their bit recently toward making relations between this country and France as bad as possible. They papered the walls of their railway stateroom with French francs, plastered the seats with the same and laid a double carpet of francs on the floor. Then they called in the conductor to show him what they had done. They were vastly amused by the commotion he made.

Which brings up the matter of the proposed pilgrimage of 30,000 American Legion members to France next summer.

Among all the 30,000 it is scarcely possible that there will be one so lacking in sense of decency as the tourists described above. There will be many, however, who have not kept in touch with the changing French sentiment of the past few years. There will be many who anticipate being received in the same open-armed manner as of 1917. These will go expecting to resume cordial relations with the French people just where they were broken when they took ship for home at the end of the war. Some, if we may judge by their talk, look forward to a renewal of their acquaintance with those two winsome sisters, Vin Rouge and Vin Blanc.

There is an awakening in store for these. Things are not the same in France. Rightly or wrongly, there is bitter resentment in many parts of that country now against the United States. This feeling, largely a product of war finance settlements, has been growing steadily for years. The negotiations of the next 12 months may eliminate the causes of this feeling and much of the feeling itself. On the other hand another year of negotiation may produce no improvement whatever.

Instead of being greeted as returning heroes, American war veterans are likely to be regarded as agents of Uncle Sam, mortgage loan shark—for so our rich country is labelled over there.

The boyish exuberance of American troops in 1917 won only indulgent smiles from the French people. It amused them somewhat to discover that the sons of this prohibition country entertained a natural liking for their red and white wines. It doesn't amuse them any more. Once they were glad to take care of those who couldn't take care of themselves. That time has passed.

All this is said with a purpose. Looking the situation in the face it can be seen that there are possibilities of much unpleasantness unless this great troop of pilgrims is advised between now and the time of their departure of just what they may expect to find in France. They should know what conditions are and what the sentiment is. They should not be left to find this out after they reach France. Forewarned, a reasonable amount of tact may carry them through.

GIRLHOOD TO MOTHERHOOD

Iowa Woman Found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Always Helpful

Vinton, Iowa.—"When I was seventeen years old I had to stay at home from school. I finally had to quit school, I was so weak. I suffered for about two years before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, then I picked up one of your books and read it. I began taking the medicine. Now I am a housekeeper with six children, and I have taken it before each one was born. I cannot tell you all the good I have received from it. When I am not as well as can be I take it. I have been doing this for over thirteen years and it always helps me. I read all of your little books I can get and I tell everyone I know what the Vegetable Compound does for me."—Mrs. Frank Sellers, 810 7th Avenue, Vinton, Iowa.

Many girls in the fourth generation are learning through their own personal experiences the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mothers who took it when they were young are glad to recommend it to their daughters.

For over half a century, women have praised this reliable medicine.

Daily Health Talks

FREDERICK DEMRAU, M. D.

ALBUMIN

Just a hundred years ago—in 1827, to be exact—Richard Bright, of Bristol and London, first described the disease of the kidneys now known as Bright's disease. In his description of the symptoms of this disease, Bright placed considerable emphasis on the presence of albumin in the urine.

It is now known that, even if one's urine contains enough albumin to scare away the life insurance agents, his kidneys may be perfectly healthy. I have an uncle, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, whose urine has contained a goodly amount of albumin ever since 1899. All the insurance companies turned him down, but he is still in excellent health and enjoying week-end trips in the beautiful Packard purchased with the money saved on the premiums.

Report Frightened Him.

Just the other day, a friend sat down at my table in a restaurant. "Look's pretty bad, doesn't it?" he groaned despondently as he pushed a slip of paper into my hand.

It was a laboratory report of a urinary analysis showing a slight amount of albumin. I could see nothing alarming in the report itself but advised my friend to consult his physician.

"What's the use? Isn't Bright's disease hopeless?" he queried gloomily.

"What you need is a doctor, not an undertaker," I answered sharply.

My friend took the hint. He just called me up to say that his doctor had gone over him thoroughly and found nothing wrong. And so the order for the hearse was cancelled.

Not a Serious Symptom.

In very many cases, the presence of albumin in the urine does not necessarily mean serious kidney disease. Sixteen years ago, Dr. J. H. Barach examined the urine of nineteen marathon runners after a race. In every case, albumin was found.

Our human polar bears, too after a chilly splash in the January surf, are likely to have albumin in their urine. Soldiers after forced marches may show the same harmless symptom.

Growing youths between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, persons who eat excessive amounts of meat and eggs, child-bearing women, and many other types may have albumin in the urine without kidney disease.

Let the Doctor Worry.

I do not mean to say that the person with albumin in his urine should disregard this sign. But I do maintain that he should consult his doctor and let him do the worrying as to its cause. If the doctor acquits the albumin of any evil intent, there is no cause for worry.

QUESTIONS

Chauffeur. Is the exhaust gas from automobiles poisonous?

A. Yes, highly so. Never start a motor car in a closed garage. You may be overcome by the exhaust gas.

* * *

J. A. Is cancer of the stomach curable?

A. Yes, but only in its early stages.

CHAMPION'S GOLD.

Sammy Mandell, new light weight boxing champion of the world, has just presented his sister with a $20,000 home in Rockford, Ill. Previously he had bought a home for his father and retired him from his arduous job in a foundry.

The sports writers say that Mandell—whose real name is Mandello, he being an Italian—is a pretty poor excuse for a champion. They say he is not to be mentioned in the same breath with former holders of the title.

Yet we somehow hope that Sammy hangs on to his crown for some time to come. Champions make a lot of money, but not very many of them know what to do with it when they get it.

By Dinky Duncan.

Volunteer fire-fighters in New York are known as "buffs." Most of the buffs are society blades who have become satiated with the monotonous routine of the "among-those-present" dinners. These blue blood fire laddies are accorded the privileges of the seasoned firemen at a blaze. They are permitted within the fire lines and may under extenuating circumstances tackle an insubordinate hose. At a recent three alarm fire on Suiza-Hispano roared up to the police cordon and out sprang a fire fighting Lochinvar attired in dazzling evening clothes. He had deserted a dinner given in honor of one of the nobility. A good man's size fire possessed a greater appeal.

* * *

Writers as a rule are prone to none of the idosyncracies of publicity seekers. Well known authors wish only to be ignored that their work may be accomplished. Yet within their "sanctums" they often succumb to a suppressed desire for bizarre colors and flashy ornamentation. One writer of humorous stories affects a turban, a pea green toga, and sandals. An author of children's stories wears a huge onyx emblem ring on each forefinger. For myself I have always had a secret wish to assists my editorial brain by wearing a South African pith helmet.

* * *

There is a story running the rounds of afternoon teas in New York concerning the famous woman writer who refused to eat at the same table with the guide during a visit to Colorado mountains. I seems that the guide was a college youth on vacation, and an individual who could produce more forefathers family tree, etc., than could the writer. He therefore resigned as guide and returned to the mountain lodge from which the party had started. The others soon followed suit, with the offended writer offering a lengthly dissertation on unaccomodating guides. Happily her species is dwindling.

* * *

Afternoon teas are the same to New York as they are to Oshkosh and Walla-Walla, a convenient time to discuss the current gossip of the day. At this time of the year the Gothamite tea-takers review the different liner's sailing lists. If a notable sails on a steamer other than the one his wife is traveling on a divorce is predicted. If the two happen to sail on the same boat it is mere camouflage. In case a likely subject happens to be unmarried he or she, is then reviewed by the marauding tea-sippers. I wonder if they ever stoop to discuss a columnist?

CHAPLIN AS BONAPARTE.

Charlie Chaplin, it is reported, will appear in a super film as Napoleon, playing opposite Raquel Meller, the Spanish artist of 50-dollar-a-seat fame.

Unlike most of his roles, this is to be a serious one for Charlie. The artist in him yearns to do something bigger and better than anyone has done before.

There are very few clowns who are capable of turning tragedian and getting away with it, but Chaplin is one of them. The little man with the baggy pants and the trick mustach has what very few actors possess—genius.

Shearings

Pleasures of the Small Town

There are more than one privilege and pleasure about living in a small town. One of them is going in your shirt sleeves; another is in sitting on the shady side of a business house in the summer time, and the sunny side in winter. If you want to speak to a friend three blocks away, you can yell and squall at him and you can carry on a loud, hollering conversation; you can always find a place to park; you can turn around in the middle of the block; you have lots of friends and when you are with one of them, you can talk about all the balance; you can keep up with everybody else's business except your own, and many, many others but they are too numerous to mention.—Bradford Opinion.

Nor Cause Them to Smile

There's one thing sure—when President Coolidge goes fishing he won't scare the fish by talking too much.—Brattleboro Reformer.

Mexican Situation

A serious condition already exists in Mexico, which will be made worse August first when the priests in Mexico will stop officiating at any church services. The Calles government, although probably within its constitutional rights in its attitude toward the churches, is bringing about a dangerous situation in the country from which no good can come.—Bennington Banner.

Slow Boiling

According to the Montpelier Argus the Winooski river near lower State Street, has been playing strange planks by shooting streams of water into the air in imitation of the geysers of Yellowstone Park. Could it by any chance, be the boiling of some political pot?—Brattleboro Reformer.

No. Political pots have not yet even become warm enough to heat the metal up this way.—Montpelier Argus.

A Record Rise

Known in city circles as "Britain's Rockefeller," Viscount Bearsted—formerly Sir Marcus Samuel—told an amusing story recently.

It concerned a certain well-known speculator on the stock exchange. He was sitting in a friend's office, and during the conversation, which was chiefly about stocks and shares, he informed his friend that he had picked up a cheap thing during the winter.

"It stood at thirty-three then, and yesterday it touched sixty-four!" he said.

"By Jove! You are extremely lucky. What is it?" asked the other.

"A thermometer," was the reply.—Montreal Star.

A Great Fight

Hobbs—So your wife recovered. I hear the doctors made a great fight for her life.

Dobbs—They did, and they almost got it, too.—Boston Transcript.

So Near, Yet So Far

Rich Widow (joyously)—I am going to marry Adolph D. Kanvas, the great painter!

Irish maid (giggleciously)—And I'm goin' to marry Pat Finnegan, the great paperhanger!—American Humor.

Breaking the News Gently

Mother—Heavens, what are you doing, Betty?

Betty—I'm writing to a newspaper to ask what'll take ink stains out of a carpet.—Kansas City Star.

JOHN P. (HONUS) WAGNER

"Hans," as the fans called him, was once the idol of every baseball enthusiast. Like Christy Mathewson, Hans was steady, always in good form, a clean liver and a good sportsman. For 17 years, Wagner played with the Pittsburgh team. He was called the "Grand Old Man of Baseball," though "old" in this case meant no more than 35 to 40 years.

Old, perhaps, for most athletes, but certainly not old for Wagner.

In 1917, Hans decided he had had enough baseball. He retired for a few months, but the crack of ball against bat proved too strong. He returned to the diamond for one season, and then retired, this time finally.

Today, Hans lives in Carnegie, Pa., and he looks after his real estate investments. His name is John P. Wagner, though everybody still calls him "Hans" or "Honus." Wagner was beaten for the office of sheriff last November, but confident of ultimate success, Hans says "Watch my dust next election!" and in the meantime, he is keeping his swinging arm in form by ball playing with the kids in the lots. And Hans still likes it.

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Shopping On Fifth Avenue

By Ysabel Wentworth.

Jewelry to right of us, jewelry to left of us, jewelry in front of us jingled and rattled! With all apologies to Alfred, Lord, Tennyson, those are the lines that come to us when we mingle with the feminine folks, these days.

What a riot of bangles and bracelets, necklaces, chains and pins we have with us now! We women seem to be giving up expressions to a long pent-up craving for decoration and the Romany strain is dominant.

Maid and matron of fashion rival each other for the number of expensive link bracelets which they fasten, tier on tier, about their arms. About their necks they twine and intertwine, string after string of pearls.

But it isn't everyone who can own a dozen platinum sapphire diamond bracelets, nor is it everyone who insures her pearls, somewhere in the hundreds of thousands. The fate of most of us is far more modest. Therefore the semi-precious stones, dull golds and silvers, have been wrought to please our fancy and to adorn our persons.

Slave Chains Popular.

For the past two seasons, the slave chains have been riding on the swelling tide of popularity. Show me the maid who doesn't own one now! The fad has been adapted for neckwear, and a sort of choker affair, to match the pretty bracelets, are worn with the successful sports costume and the less formal gown.

The link bracelet and necklace are worked to beautiful advantage, in imitation jade, coral, quartz, onyx and crystal. They are cut square and set in flat settings, linked together with large links. Or they may be set closely, linked so that they are pliant with the movement of the arm and wrist.

Necklaces, fashioned style, with many pendants, may be found. Frequently they are only ornamentation for a perfectly plain frock, and in such cases are most effective. Coin necklaces of antique genre, are especially good this season. Queer imported chains are very popular.

But the link, or chain bracelet is not the only popular type. The flat wide bracelet of barbaric origin, is seen on many a wrist and arm now. They may be perfectly plain or they may have hammered designs. Silver and gold are used indiscriminately by smartly dressed women.

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WAITED 17 YEARS TO WED; DIES DATE SET

Naples, July 29.—Seventeen years ago Maria Decessa's husband and Vincenzo Picone, her lover, fought a pitched battle for her. Decessa was killed and Picone was sent to jail for the homicide.

Maria was 43 then and she waited throughout the years for Picone's release.

At last he was free and they arranged to be married.

During the wedding festivities the house caved in and Mrs. Decessa was killed. So were two sons by her first husband. Picone alone escaped.

There's one thing about a stolen flivver. You can't indentify it by sight. But you can by sound.

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NORRIS' APPEAL RIGHT, BUT PROBABLY FUTILE.

Senator George W. Norris, Progressive Republican from Nebraska, in the current issue of the Nation, urges Pennsylvania Republicans to repudiate corruption and bossism in their own party by sending former Secretary of Labor Wilson, a Democrat, to the Senate.

Among other things, he says:

> In the face of a shocked nationwide citizenship, will the Republicans of Pennsylvania blindly carry out the mandate of corrupt millionaire politicians? It is shocking to think that such corruption as obtained in the Pennsylvania primary could succeed. It would be more shocking still if The People of Pennsylvania gave it the seal of their approval in the coming election.

What Norris says is true.

But that Pennsylvania will elect Congressman William Vare to the senate is likewise practically certain.

The domination of crooked money and crooked politics in the Republican party in that state is no new thing.

For it is only a few years ago that Penrose died and before him was Quay; and Vare is not essentially different from either of them. He may be cruder personally, but his methods of extending and holding political power were learned in the Quay-Penrose school.

And does one hear either President Coolidge or Secretary Mellon raising a finger in opposition to Vare?

Mellon's nephew already has been named chairman of the Republican campaign committee; and it is dollars to doughnuts that before the campaign is over Silent Cal also will have placed his benediction on the Republican candidate.

An opera singer who says she means to marry a millionaire Chicago meat packer is threatened by the San Francisco Opera Company with a suit for $10,000 damages for breach of contract in case she does so.

But what's $10,000 to one of the Big Five of Chicago?

EUROPEAN PEACE IS A EUROPEAN PROBLEM.

Professor Haber, a German, who is regarded as the world's foremost authority on gas and chemical warfare, believes that the part such will play in future warfare has been exaggerated. In a recent statement, he said:

> Not gas, but aircraft, which will become as numerous as autos on the streets, will be the most terrible weapons of future wars with their mass attacks on defenseless women and children and the aged at home.

It is a gruesome picture which he paints, but one all too likely to be realized unless the nations of the old world break their bad habits and turn over a new leaf.

Every statesman thereof knows that war, as it is conducted today, has little advantage even to the victor, that the cost is too staggering even for those who are triumphant, that it is little less than insanity to cling to policies and programs which inevitably point to the battlefield.

Yet how weak and faltering remains the will to peace!

The Golden Rule is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Disarmament conferences become sardonic comedies.

What can America do, what should she do, but remain aloof? Their ways are not our ways.

European peace is a European problem; and if it shall ever be settled, it will come by a change of heart within, not from good advice from without.

TALK OF ANNEXATION AMONG THE CANADIANS.

It is said that talk of annexation of Canada to the United States will be heard in the campaign for the general election to take place in the dominion next September.

This is because an actual issue has arisen of greater independence for Canada, owing to the recent action of Governor General Byng, appointed by the British Government, in refusing to dissolve the Canadian parliament when asked to do so by ex-Premier King. And later Byng, of his own accord, ordered dissolution of the succeeding parliament when it refused to sustain the new premier.

The Canadians in general seem to believe the governor general of the dominion, representing the British crown, should be no less of a rubber stamp than King George himself, who always does what he is said to do by the British cabinet, representing the majority in parliament.

BAY CITIES SHOULD NOT BE DISCOURAGED NOW.

San Francisco wants a bridge across the bay to Oakland, and needs such a bridge. To be of much advantage over the present ferries, such a bridge must start from a suitable elevation in the neighborhood of Market or Mission Streets; otherwise, it might create worse traffic problems than those it is designed to solve.

But the navy department flatly refuses to permit a bridge to be built north of Hunter's Point, which is miles from an effective location for such a bridge. The department claims that a bridge anywhere north of this point would be a potential, perhaps an actual, menace to naval operations in time of war.

The department is perhaps correct. Nevertheless, San Francisco must before long find some way of getting across the bay better than the present ferry system, which is already inadequate. And the whole of Central and Superior California is also interested in the solution of this problem.

Is it not likely that discussion and further planning will make possible what now seems impossible? Is it not even likely that the navy department may be persuaded to change its mind?

Bridges do not always seem to be a menace. Those across the East River at New York have never interfered with ships passing to and from the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

There is also the possibility of a tube under the bay. Would it be any harder to build such a tube than it was to build those which New York has under the Hudson? And would not a tube be better than a bridge, any way?

All these questions must be thoroughly discussed and answered before San Francisco can afford to lose heart.

Last Winter the State Board of Harbor Commissioners appointed a committee to investigate "the fog menace" on the Bay of San Francisco.

After long investigation, the committee reports that in fifteen years of bay traffic only two lives have been lost through collisions in fog, out of 750,000,000 persons carried.

So its conclusion, thus statistically fortified, is that although there may be some little fog now and then, there is no "menace."

EVOLUTION BEFORE AN ALABAMA MASS MEETING.

In the United States Senate, a few days before the recent adjournment of congress, a bill for regulation of radio communications came up for consideration.

Senator Blease, of South Carolina, offered the following amendment respecting the powers and duties of the proposed regulative commission:

> The commission is further empowered to make and enforce regulations to censor and prohibit all discourses broadcast from stations under its control regarding the subject of evolution.

In support of this amendment the senator said he understood the bill would give the commission power to censor nearly everything except the question of religion, and he wished the world to know that on that proposition he was "on the side of Jesus Christ."

Senator Dill then declared Blease mistaken; that there was nothing in the measure giving the proposed commission power to censor any sort of program.

Next Senator Heflin expressed himself as in accord with Blease in believing the story of creation just as related in the Bible. He then told a little incident that had occurred in his home county of Alabama, which The Bee finds set forth in the Congressional Record, word for word, as follows:

> The Negroes had an immense mass meeting out at Greenwood Church in Chambers County. They assembled at 10 o'clock one Sunday morning and held forth until 5 in the afternoon. They read various passages of the Bible relating to the creation of man, and at 5 o'clock old Uncle Rufus got up and offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted. The resolution said:
>
> "Resolved, That God Almighty made all the niggers and most of the white folks, but all them white folks what thinks they sprung from monkeys is right about it." (Laughter in the senate and galleries.)

The amendment offered by Senator Blease was then voted upon and was defeated.

A New York paper editorially remarks:

> Fewer and better prisoners are desired at Sing Sing.

Which somehow reminds one of Falstaff's retort to the chief justice, who said: "God send the prince a better companion."

Whereupon the fat knight promptly responded: "God send the companion a better prince."

TIRELESS

NORA LEE by ELENORE MEHERIN

CHAPTER XXIV.

Andrew Dead, Margaret Ill.

IN the ghostly stillness Nora Lee watched her mother's face, blanched and quiet as a marble mask. She touched her lips to the soft hair and to the shadowed eyes. "Mother, do you see me sitting here? Nod—please, mother dear, if you are hearing me—"

She waited in panic. Margaret's hands opened and closed; the blue line deepened at her mouth. But she didn't speak. Two days she lay thus.

Sobs tremulous and burning, choked in Nora Lee's heart. Margaret was going too. She would be left alone; here in this house, utterly alone—

She held to Margaret's hand, assuring herself in a childish way: "No! She isn't dying—she wouldn't die—" Yet she had a fear that her mother and Andrew had stolen away. Andrew was far out there calling. Margaret was hearing the distant voice. That's why she lay so quiet . . . She was gathering her strength to go. This sublime and tragic love of theirs had flouted the laws of earth. Now it was flouting the laws of death.

And Nora Lee, sitting at her mother's bed, remembered Andrew's eyes when she said to him: "She is looking from the window to the door—her heart is breaking." How slowly he turned—then the long smile as their glances met—a great beam of light flashing from soul to soul—This image of Andrew was so vivid she sat upright, glancing with a fearful swiftness at the door—half awaiting his light, springy step; half expecting to meet his brown, eager eyes with that old gallant kindness shining in their depths.

But Andrew was dead. She had gone in and kissed the cold, smiling face. She had touched the grey hair at his temples, whispering, "you dear, dear Andrew" — and waved her hand as she left the room as though Andrew would take a comfort from that—

She began to cry. It was then, just as the morning light was breaking that Margaret opened her eyes, saying in a startled hush: "Nora Lee! Why are you here?"

"Oh mother—"

Margaret started incredulous; horror was born slowly and with frightful anguish in these frightened eyes. Her lips strained. She turned with a pathetic, despairing gesture and hid her face against the pillow.

She lay so long unstirring that Nora Lee leaned over her, touching in a soft frenzy, her hands, her lips: "Speak to me, mother! Two days—you haven't moved—"

"Two days! Was it two days ago? Open the window, Nora Lee, I find it hard to breathe—"

"The window is open. Oh mother, you won't lie so quiet, please—I don't know what to do—"

Margaret smiled. Her hand strayed along the cover: "Foolish child! I am only resting—only resting—"

She was lifeless again. Through the days that followed, Nora Lee had to meet again and again that look of dawning horror: that terrible question. Less than with each awakening broke fresh and new on Margaret's heart.

She said: "Andrew is dead? You are sure? You said that you went back and kissed his face. Ah—I remember! He smiled—"

But sometimes Margaret looked to the window, a light of recognition in her eyes, then a smile, distorted as an organ note curved her full, perfect lips.

Nora Lee said: "What are you seeing, mother?"

"Is Andrew in the garden? Was that he who looked?"

"Oh no—he isn't there—"

"What day is this?"

"Friday—"

"He will come to-morrow. Are there flowers? Have flowers in the vases—"

This went with knifelike terror to the young girl's heart. That awful smile on Margaret's white, tragic face—worse than death would be a thing like this—

She said to young Dane Harrick in the nights he came to sit with her—she turned to him with a passion of terror: "I don't know what to do, or where to turn."

The kind, boyish eyes grew strong: "You have me, Nora Lee. I wouldn't leave you alone—"

He came over and turned her dark, vivid face to his. There were blue shadows under the sapphire eyes. She smiled, but in her heart she moaned: "Lou could not take her place. I am afraid of life—afraid of death—no one can take her place—not yet—"

She said to the doctor: "Is my mother dying?"

"No. Her heart is very weak. The pneumonia left it weak years ago—"

"I know—but she forgets things that have happened."

"She seems to have had a great shock. She is improving."

"If her mind—"

"Don't worry—her mind will be all right—"

She went back to Margaret's bed and stooping, kissed the thin, delicate hands.

Margaret said softly: "Are you crying, Nora Lee? Are those tears I feel on my hands?" It was the voice of old—gentle yet strong.

"You must not cry, I am well now. I will soon be up again—better than before—"

"Oh, do you mean it? You feel well? Mother, don't turn your face away—"

"No—I shall not. We must hear what comes."

"You remember—all—do you?"

Margaret's eyes met hers, serene and brave: "Yes, Nora Lee. I remember all. We are alone now." He hands went swiftly to shield her face. She said, slowly and with heavy pain: "Would you like to go away, Nor Lee? Would you like to sell this house and let us go away?"

"Oh no!"

A long silence: "I think we must."

And in a few days she made Nora Lee bring paper to the bed. She dictated a letter. It was to the school board in Simpson, she asked for recommendations. She asked if her old place in the Butte Valley was open.

Nora Lee protested. Her heart seemed breaking—oh to go back to that icy desolation—to the gaunt, forsaken mountains. She said: "You cannot teach—oh mother—you cannot! I will work."

"It will be months before you're ready—months—"

"You mean we have no money?"

"Yes, dear—very little, perhaps—there are bills now—"

Nora Lee said: "I have money—I have a thousand dollars. You didn't know this, mother, but last Christmas Andrew gave it to me for a present. He said to keep it to myself. He made me take it now. The doctor says you cannot teach. He says you dare not teach. Mother, please—"

She lay back on the pillows, a light of unalterable faith filling the bereaved sadness of her eyes: "You say you have a thousand dollars? Andrew gave it to you? Then you must go down to-morrow and put it in the bank."

"You will not try to teach?"

"We will see."

She was afraid yet to tell Margaret of the bonds. She remembered the limp panic seizing her when she had opened that envelope—the chill foreboding of dreadful things to happen—and the breathless bewilderment in Andrew's face when he said: "I have thought of her in all I do—all I am about to do. I would give up life to spare her pain. You may tell her this."

She took only one bond and cashed it at the bank. She deposited this in Margaret's account.

The elder said: "Your mother has been ill? I wondered. She usually comes in around the fifth."

There remained but $50 to Margaret's credit before the new deposit was made.

The doctor told Nora Lee "Your mother must rest. Any prolonged effort would be fatal. She would never be able to teach in years. She must dismiss the idea completely."

Then Nora Lee went and put the envelope with Andrew's last message in Margaret's hands. She said: "Mother, he thought he would be gone long; but, oh mother, he never dreamed he would be gone so long as this. You do believe it?"

Then said faintly: "Oh, yes," and to her heart his last words murmured: "Margaret—I loved too much—for that—I love—"

Margaret sat in the garden these Indian Summer afternoons. Nora Lee hurried from school that she might be with her little alone. One day they were talking. Margaret had no defenses now—no concealments—so they talked of him who was gone . . .

The bell rang. Nora Lee ran down the walk, through the side door of the living room.

Through the glass she saw black veils and a sweeping trail of heavy silk. Her thought chilled.

Andrew's wife had her long finger pressed at the bell—her fawning, furious eyes close and peering against glass.

(To be continued)

By Joseph Kaye.

The Mother Of Samuel Reyburn, Famous Banker-Merchant

Samuel Reyburn has had a curious career. Working himself up from a low estate until he became president of one of the biggest banks in Arkansas and an important man in American financial circles, he came to New York to bring order out of the crash of the Claflin dry goods interests. To-day he is the directing head of two of New York's greatest department stores and of six other large institutions in other parts of the country.

He owes his success to a number of things; to his keen banking instinct, to his great business sense, to his integrity and understanding of people. But among the elements that contributed to his welfare which he prizes most is the influence of his mother.

"This is what my mother taught me," he said: "Never pretend either to yourself or to others. As you grow older you will find that there is much more danger of fooling yourself than there is of being fooled by someone else.

"You have heard a lot, probably too much, about our family and its traditions (the Reyburn family was one of the most notable in Arkansas). Pay little attention to this kind of talk. Tradition is always highly colored—particularly family tradition.

"Remember also that what your ancestors may have done will never help you to get along in the world. Past performances have no value in the market place.

"You're starting right at the bottom and you'll get out of life just what you deserve—no more, no less.

"You will have to earn your right to success and to the respect of your fellow men."

AUNT HET

By ROBERT QUILLEN.

"I've been meanin' to use the word 'surplinde' the first chance I got, and I would of sprung it at the missionary meetin' but my nose was red an' I didn't want to attract too much attention."

Letters From The People

Readers of The Bee are invited to express their views in this department. The name and address of the letter writer must be enclosed FOR PUBLICATION. Correct in such topics as the rice question, where the publication of a woman's name might embarrass her. The length of the contribution should be limited to 425 words. If it is not, the Editor reserves the right to cut it down to that limit.

COMPLAINTS ABOUT OUR WEATHER UNDER FIRE

Recently Returned Resident Has A Few Words To Say About The Kickers.

Editor of The Bee—Sir: After an absence of nine years I returned to Sacramento one month ago, and was surprised to note the remarkable advancement in almost every line that your city has made. Greatly have I been impressed by your clean streets, shaded by great, sturdy green trees; your beautiful, vine-covered homes surrounded by well-kept lawns and gardens glowing with such a profusion of blossoms, which bespeak an abundant supply of water; your magnificent buildings, your excellent schools and fine churches. All this, and much more so impressed me with admiration that I say over and over "wonderful!"

But there is one thing I am quite unable to understand, and that is the almost incessant complaints I hear about the weather. In the one month I have been here I have yet to hear a single Sacramentan utter one word in favor of this beautiful Summer. Regardless of the fact that warm weather is needed, yes, essential to abundant and fruitful harvest, there seems to be general resentfulness that it should be so. I hear it in the street cars, in the homes, and when a friend calls over the 'phone the first comment is a criticism of the weather. In the office where I am employed many people come in during the day and every single one has some derogatory remark the moment he enters the room. Most everyone follows this with some detailed statement of just how the heat affects them, personally.

Now, who really cares to hear whether we are comfortably cool or uncomfortably hot? If we are uncomfortable, why be so selfish as to pass it on to someone else. In the cool, balmy mornings, I feel so happy and grateful for the beautiful sunshine that my spirits rise up in gladness, and I feel like passing my happiness on, but to my cheerful greeting to the Sacramentan nine times out of ten he will reply, gloomily: "Yes, it is nice enough now, but it will be good and hot this afternoon."

This is all bad psychology and when I observe the remarkable growth that Sacramento has made and is now making, I realize that it is not due to the keen appreciation and praise which should come spontaneously from the mouth of every citizen. No wonder the people around the bay district think this place is an inferno—you tell them almost as much yourselves. When people come down here and our weather is cold, foggy and gloomy, we don't acknowledge it. We deny it with such conviction that the newcomer begins to doubt his own senses, and eventually he sees it and loves it just as we do.

When people have a more thorough understanding of the science of mind and of the creative power of thoughts and words they will think and speak more constructively along all lines, and especially will they have but praise, appreciation and thanksgiving for such beauty and bounty as surround us here in Sacramento.

C. BYRNE.

Sacramento, July 14, 1926.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT DEFENDS ATHLETICS

Critic Of Educational Plan Declared To Be Misinformed.

Editor of The Bee—Sir: In reading the discussion concerning athletics and school in general, which has been progressing in your paper for the past week, I have had many a chuckle and much amusement.

In this regard it seems to me that the people are taking the wrong attitude. They seem to forget that a boy's natural tendency is towards athletics and that they were once young and enjoyed the same recreation as he does now.

They calculate the value of athletics in dollars and cents instead of in development. They are totally oblivious of the fact that athletics develop the physical fiber and mental capabilities of the students. My experience during the past year in the Sacramento High School has led me to believe that, of all the classes of students in the high schools, the athletes respect, more than any one else, the attainments of students in other lines other than their own.

To those sophisticated elders who have penned their eloquence through your journal, I would say this: most of the time they are misinformed because they do not stop to think or investigate but swallow everything in sight and plead for more.

Also, I think The Bee could do some good work and if it wished could, probably, settle the haranguing by printing a little more news concerning the school and less scandal, in which it takes so much pleasure. A few weeks ago The Bee gave glaring headlines concerning the resignations of the two X-Ray editors, some faculty member's opinion on the Charleston, and the so-called popularity scandal. These all appeared, please note, on page one, while the greater accomplishments of the school were politely allowed to mingle with the Superior California news or occupy an inoffensive spot on an obscure page. Such activities as the election of student body officers, and the senior play, the various athletic ventures and many others were given little space while all of our scandal (call it what you will) was beautifully set forth on page one (the first. If we could let the people know more about what we do than what we do not, many of our critics probably would be silenced.

Our athletics are all right. Let us keep them up despite the clamorings of a few uninformed people, who in the end probably have very little to say into the question directly, anyhow.

CLARENCE GLACKEN.

Sacramento, July 13, 1926.

No Desire Of It.

(From The Tid-Bits, London.)

"But, young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy?"

"De I? I wish you could have seen her when I proposed."

Cruelty.

(Kasper, Stockholm.)

"I'll never speak to Olga again. She is mean! I bought a hat just like hers, and then she went and bought a new one and gave the other to her cook."

Stories That Must Be Told

By EVELYN NORTON.

They all come for advice, men and women, boys and girls. I am at my desk at nine in the morning and before I leave for lunch I have heard the tale of many a broken heart, and perhaps helped to relieve one or two.

These people do not know me. I do not know them. Sometimes they write in and I see only their nervous handwriting. More often they call in person and we meet just once. Most likely we shall never meet again. Perhaps they give me fictitious names. I do not investigate, I do not enter on a card, I keep no records.

Grace's Case.

Take Grace, for instance.

Grace is still in high school. She is seventeen, plump, pretty, attractive and desperately in love with a young chap named Carl. If you were to believe Grace, Carl is a Grecian god. But like the Grecian gods Carl is none too good. He knows that Grace is in love with him; he knows as much of other girls, and he is willing to love and be loved, but in his own way, which is the wrong way.

Instinctively Grace fled from him, feared him . . . Then she longed for him; she was eaten up with jealousy. Of course, Carl is with the other girls—they paid his price. She never would, yet how she longed for him.

Then Carl appeared again charmingly polite, gentle, romantic. He asked for nothing; he only looked in her eyes and kissed her hand. But she knew the storm in his heart. And she could not refuse. Just because he did not ask. And she gave him what she could never give again.

It meant so much to her, but so little to him. He meant to continue this intimacy but she fluttered like the butterfly about the flame.

Did Not Scold Her.

I did not scold her; it was too late. I only pointed out her weakness in a world that demands strength. And little by little I undermined her admiration for Carl. It was hard to get him off the ditine pedestal. But after due scrutiny and analysis he flopped.

And Grace was set free.

She is now married and happy.

Grace is an exception; she dropped me a card upon her marriage and upon the first visit of the stork. Most others forget. And they should, for my memory is associated by them with their troubles, which they need not think of.

We are all likely to slip and forget, but a story of one who slipped and got up again is worth telling. It may help others to rise again.

New York Day By Day

By O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 15—The chicken—not the Broadway variety—market of New York has long been a hot bed of professional slugging, feuds, bribery and even cold blooded assassinations. The Chicken Puller Gang was noted as the most sinister of lawless marauders.

Slitting throats and poisoning horses were some of their diversions. The poultry merchants themselves have never been considered a part of the rascality, but their various organizations have been the prey of conscienceless desperadoes.

Chicken as an article of food, has for years been beyond the purse of the average family, due to price manipulation. Those who know say it should be as reasonably priced as ordinary meats. Legal action to dissolve what is called a "chicken trust" has often been launched.

The market is accused of having a Poultry Czar who sets the price. It is charged this czar is none other than a young pleasant-faced market reporter for Price Current, a small market sheet which sells price quotations to shippers and dealers. The reporter denies it.

The West Washington Market is where most New York poultry is bought and sold. It is a picturesque district of rabbit-like hutches where men in white aprons splotched with blood barter their wares. There are always alatternely queues lounging about waiting apparently for something to happen.

Somehow there seems to be a tension in the chicken market as though the poultrymen were aware of some blind fury which may at any moment be loosed. There is not the easy jostling camaraderie of other market places nor the jangle and shouting. It seems a deadly business.

O. Henry's "Four Million" in Bagdad-on-the-Subway has reached six million. More than half of the 11,000,000 in New York state live in the metropolis. Housing and traffic conditions become more intolerable, but the city's population continues to expand. The huge alien population is, of course, the complicating factor in congestion. Foreigners huddle together in stifling tenements for protection because they cannot speak the language. There is still room left in the Boroughs of Queens and Richmond, but the aliens refuse to go there.

Traveling the serpentine paths of the elevated in poorer districts furnishes an illuminating example of the way families flock together. It is not unusual to see ten cots in a room designed for an ordinary sized single bed. Not long ago it was discovered a family of nine lived in two rooms scarcely large enough for two to live in comfort. It is a rather pathetic sight to witness how beauty struggles for expression in such squalid settings. Withered little potted geraniums are in almost every window. Fire escapes are often decorated with gaudy bows of cheese-cloth.

As one who reacts depressively to poverty I think the most forbidding bit of squalor stretches on Third Avenue near some forlorn warehouses. It seems a hell of scrofulous brick huts. Mothers from windows watch anaemic children who stand about listlessly as though never having learned to play. Fathers sit on street corner curbs with that uncaring hopelessness one finds only in the London slums.

I have often wondered why the heaviest sum of poverty congeals near river fronts. It is true of river towns, lake cities, etc. Wharves invariably attract civilization's outcasts. It must be some unconscious urge to come to the water's edge in hope of escape. The filthiest of human dregs are to be found along the Thames Embankment, under the bridges of the Seine and the New York water fronts.

Tested Recipes For Long Life

By Alumni of the Three-Score-and-Ten Society.

By John D. Rockefeller, Age 86.

"I always feel well;
"I try to live well and happily;
"I try to make every one else feel the same way."

These are the principles to which John D. Rockefeller attributes his eighty-five years.

The last principle may be coupled with the billionaire's gifts. Rockefeller was one of the first among the wealthy to make a science of giving, and his benefactions are on so lavish a scale and the results so far-reaching as to give practical assurance to his wish to make others feel happy. And that satisfaction has in turn contributed to his own well-being.

MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN

(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors, Inc.)

Teaching Money Values.

One Mother Says:

One of my difficult problems with the children has always been to teach them the relative values of pennies and dollars, and to make them understand just a little of the hardship entailed in replacing things lost or destroyed. The ice-cream cone pointed a way, for the nickel that buys one is a ready unit for the child's idea of money. When my son deliberately destroyed a new twenty-five cent article, I made him save up five whole nickels to replace it, which might otherwise have purchased cones. That seemed an eye-opener! Now he estimates things as worth one or a hundred ice-cream cones, and he seems a little nearer to an appreciation of the fact that money does not grow wild.

Tell The Baby.

"You'll have to take less strenuous exercise and get more sleep," said the doctor to the dejected man before him.

"That's my idea, exactly," said the other. "Would you mind coming up to the house and telling that to the baby?"

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:

People who live in glass houses should not throw glass.

Menus for the Family

BREAKFAST — Stewed prunes, cereal, thin cream, poached eggs on toast, milk, coffee.

LUNCHEON — Jellied bouillon, savory potato salad, rye bread, gingered bread, milk, tea.

DINNER—Veal birds, scalloped potatoes, new onions in cream on toast, prune and cream cheese salad, raspberry dumplings, whole wheat bread, milk, coffee.

When stewing prunes for breakfast cook enough more for the salad. Select the finest to use with the cream cheese and only boil them twenty minutes after soaking over night.

This savory potato salad will be quite an acceptable for a picnic party as the home luncheon.

Savory Potato Salad

Two cups diced new potatoes, 1-4 teaspoon grated onion, three small new beets, 4 sardines, 3 hard cooked eggs, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 1 cup cooked salad dressing.

Remove skin and bones from sardines, sprinkle with lemon juice and let stand fifteen minutes. Dice beets and cover with 2 tablespoons vinegar and 1-2 teaspoon sugar. Let stand fifteen minutes. Chop whites of eggs and put yolks through ricer. Sprinkle potatoes with grated onion, add beets drained from vinegar, sardines, flaked in small pieces, eggs and salad dressing. Stir lightly with fork to mix and chill for one hour on ice. Serve on crisp lettuce with minced parsley sprinkled over the top.

If pickled beets are at hand they can be used conveniently. An oil mayonnaise will have a tendency to separate during the chilling, so a tart well seasoned cooked dressing is suggested.

A Great Break In The Colorado's Levees

It was news to congress the other day when Representative Swing, of El Centro, California, described a great break that recently occurred in the levees of the Colorado River, with resulting flood in Mexico, about thirty miles below the international boundary.

Half the flow of the river, he said, was pouring through a gap half a mile long, and 80,000 acres of land already had been inundated.

Had the break occurred a little higher up, he added, the flood would have poured into the Imperial Valley, in California, where the homes of 50,000 people and 400,000 acres of highly productive farm lands would have been endangered if not destroyed.

In this instance, fortunately, the flow of the river at the time of the break was not more than about 65,000 second-feet. But in many years the volume of the stream at this season has been vastly greater—even 150,000 or 200,000 second-feet.

In such a case, the congressman declared, even with the break where it is, the flood would have turned north toward the Imperial Valley, because of the natural lay of the land.

Emphasizing the need of early and strenuous action by the government to gain permanent control of the mighty stream through construction of a high dam at Boulder Canyon, Swing said:

In 1905-1906, for eighteen months, the entire river flowed into Imperial Valley and created the inland Salton Sea, which remains to this day as a reminder of the millions of dollars of damage the river did at that time.

The congressman gave particulars of other floods from the Colorado, and further said:

The course in which the river is flowing in the last depression leading to the Gulf of Mexico. The silt which it is carrying into the depression will fill it, according to engineers' estimates, in seven or eight years. Then the natural tendency of the river will be to swing northward toward the Imperial Valley, with ruin facing that community.

It is going to be a race between the government engineers and the river, to see whether the engineers get it under control before it gets into the Imperial Valley.

Those same engineers have worked out the problem of protection and control by a dam to be 550 feet high at Boulder Canyon, creating what will be the greatest storage reservoir in the world, with a capacity of 26,000,000 acre feet, providing an inexhaustible supply of both water and power for Southern California.

It is important to note that this mammoth engineering development will preserve to the needs and uses of the San Joaquin region water and power resources of the Sierra Nevada which otherwise would be diverted by Southern California for the benefit of that section.

FALSE SWEARING SHOULD NOT ESCAPE PUNISHMENT.

A recent news story from the London Times is calculated to make the average American rub his eyes and wonder if such things can really be.

It seems that a young man of nineteen, the son of a baron, signed a false affidavit in order to secure a marriage license, giving his age as twenty-two.

When the news of his marriage was made public his correct age at once became known. He was promptly arrested and brought up for hearing before the lord mayor of London, who has summary powers in such cases.

The youth's counsel pleaded that the offense was not very serious, that perhaps his client had become confused by the language of the affidavit and had made a mistake, and so forth.

The lord mayor said he could not take such a view of the case. Perjury had been committed; the young man was quite old enough to know what he was doing.

He (the lord mayor) had no power to fine the defendant more than fifty pounds (about $250), but he would be derelict in his duty if he did not impose that penalty; so the fine was assessed and paid.

Contrast that with the situation in this country. Every day one hears of marriages being annulled because one or both of the contracting parties were under age. In all these cases one or both parties must have lied about age. Yet does one ever hear of anything being done about that?

The point is not that such an offense is very serious; it is mere; that it is an offense, and that in England any infraction of the law in regarded as something which may not be winked at.

If any one wants to know why the law is respected there and laughed at here, the above story ought to make it perfectly plain.

According to a Paris dispatch a Frenchman has invented a bicycle that instantly can be transformed into a small motorplane and fly as high as 120 feet.

Now if the safety of descent equals the ease of ascent, this may prove a very popular rig in America.

SUPPRESSING PRESS A DISSERVICE TO PEOPLE.

During the recent British strike, what the public in England found the most disconcerting was the lack of authentic information as to what was actually happening.

With the suspension of the newspapers, they were left practically in the dark as to progress of events.

The government issued a miniature daily, but it was not less biased than a similar sheet issued from the office of the Labor Herald. In no quarter was an unprejudiced account of the situation available. The public received a lesson in what the newspapers really mean which it will not soon forget.

Under the Fascist regime in Italy, the situation with regard to the newspapers, which the Socialists found so hard to endure for a period of ten days, threatens to become a settled and continuous fact.

For months, these newspapers have been under so strict a censorship that practically only the Fascist organs have been able to survive.

Now even these are hit in a recent Mussolini decree under which the largest dailies are forbidden to print more than six pages daily from which is to be excluded all foreign news and only the barest facts as to domestic happenings. And this is only the first step, according to the semi-official Tribuna of Rome, which adds:

In addition to the elimination of foreign correspondence, sporting, art and literary news and accounts of court cases will gradually be dropped.

After these excisions are made, what will be left?

Newspapers worthy of the name will cease to exist.

But that is probably what the dictator desires. For a real press is a standing menace to the pretensions of the autocrat.

C. C. Young always has been a strong and enthusiastic advocate of the Boulder Canyon project, as embodied in the Swing-Johnson bill.

This is one of the reasons for the tremendous support he has gained in his candidacy for the governorship.

GOOD ADVICE TO AMERICAN GIRLS.

Six years ago, Miss Lorando Raichelder, an American heiress, yielded to the dashing courtship of General Florio, the Italian airman.

His record in the war, his charm of manner, his thoughtful attentions, all so much incense to the feminine heart, made it seem to her that he was a Prince Charming, life with whom promised to fulfil every romantic longing.

But disillusionment was not long in coming. Some of the ensuing episodes attracted international attention. Recently a divorce decree was granted the wife, and from her mother came the statement:

My advice to American girls is to marry American men. The manners of Europeans are mostly for public consumption.

Some few of these international marriages have resulted happily. But the record of the great majority has been such as to make the angels weep over human infelicity.

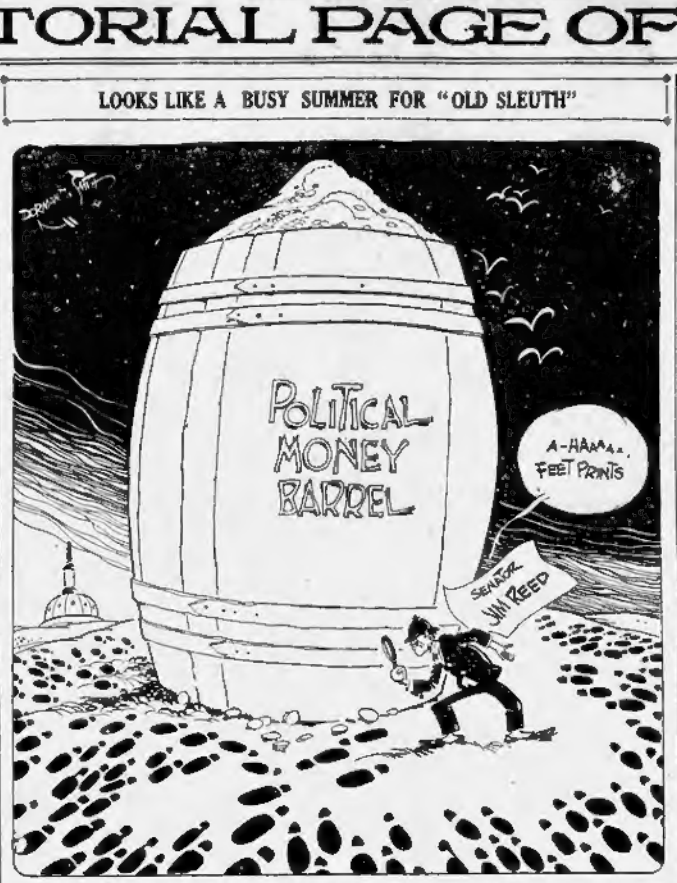
But what else is to be expected when on the one hand there is a mercenary motive, the cold-blooded and deliberately-planned scheme to secure American money to build up decadent aristocratic houses, and on the other a silly idea that happiness can be won by attaching to one's name such a bauble as a foreign title?

Differences in language, differences in point of view, and differences in the attitude of men toward women and women toward men must lead to disaster unless a miracle of love is wrought, and this is not the age of miracles.

The advice of the mother of this Chicago girl is good and timely.

American girls will do well to marry at home if they prize happiness.

LOOKS LIKE A BUSY SUMMER FOR "OLD SLEUTH"



NORA LEE by ELENORE MEHERIN

CHAPTER XXI

A Triangular Clash.

ANDREW dashed toward his wife, the move so unexpected she crouched. Crouching, she leveled the pistol, terrible little animal sounds coming from her lips.

He swerved quickly, barking her against the wall, wrenching the pistol with sharp, abrupt strength from her hands.

She struggled silently, her lips bitten together, flaring red stains polishing her cheekbones, the bleached yellow hair falling.

Suddenly she began to sob, her hand flinging out a wild gesture of accusation toward Margaret—"You she devil!"

Andrew clapped his hand over her mouth. His voice struck with ashen deadness: "Get up, Lily, you're coming home. Don't struggle. There's no use. Put your hands down. No, I won't release them. I'm going to take you home, now. Come quietly."

A long, shuddering moan: "Home! Home!" The beating of her fists on his chest. She let herself sink in a dead weight against him.

He lifted her in his arms, turning to Margaret a glance of agonized supplication.

She went over quietly and brought his hat, lifting the trailing purple cape from under his feet. Doing this she smiled at him—a light of holy peace, like candles glowing at a shrine.

He lowered his head before it, bearing his heavy, sobbing burden to the car. He propped her gently on the cushions.

On the long ride back to Fairdale Lily Stewart huddled in the corner, her choking gasps subsiding in muttered plaints like a dirge. "I'm the wife—the one to blame—the wife. I warned you! I told you. Oh, I asked you to be kind—to remember. Why did I want you to take me with you? To give you a chance to save your soul. I knew—that's why I gave you the chance. Take me with you. Save your honor! Would you? You were busy!" A prolonged, shivering cry. "You'll go back! You'll try again! Don't, Andrew, don't!"

The shrill fury mingled with the tumult in Andrew's mind and this mingled with the infinite booming of the sea; the roaring of the wind as they sped down the naked road. Forlorn, puny whimpers they were in the vast, pitiless, unheeding sound of the universe.

The moon rode blue and high; its image floated in cold serenity on the gleaming bosom of the waters. Andrew looked toward them. They seemed at peace, yet desolate, the one a mirror for the breast enduring while the winds of mortality strike against him.

To Andrew it seemed that he was riding out of life; that all had now become unreal and dark. Through all the future he would go stropingly, feeling neither warmth nor light.

Lily had become silent. She refused to move when he opened the door at Fairdale and waited for her to step out. She made a clumsy lunge forward, then crumpled in obstinate immobility in the corner.

He said quietly: "We are home, Lily. It is I—and turning very cold. Get out, will you please?"

Soba answered him.

"Are you unable to move, Lily?" She had her face hidden in the cushions. He finally lifted her to the ground. She slumped in his arms, dropping her head against his neck, her wet eyes touching his chin.

He was exhausted when he reached her room and laid her on the bed. She remained inert, regarding him with red, glaring eyes.

"Do you want anything, Lily?"

She beat her two hands together, her body shaken with hysterical sobs. When he drew the blankets about her, she clung to his arm, letting her face sink down against him. He was forced to sit on the edge of the bed and comfort her.

He sat there feeling her fingers driving into his flesh, till they seemed to squeeze at the blood in his veins. A sense of appalling doom fell upon him.

She had known of Margaret, must have shadowed him. In all these recent scenes she had been planning this. She would have shot Margaret.

He loosened her fingers with an involuntary shiver of repugnance. She mistook it for cold and tried to wrap the blanket about him.

"I'm tired, Lily—let me go—good-night."

She said in a frightened whisper: "Andrew—don't leave the house. Something frightful will happen."

He scarcely heard, but went to his room and laid the pistol in his grip. Yesterday he might have escaped; to-day he was a prisoner.

His mind reconstructed in a score of way the scene in Margaret's dining room. Margaret white and beautiful as a thing of marble; Nora Lee flinging her arms about her mother's neck.

She smiled in a frightened whisper: "Andrew—don't leave the house. Something frightful will happen."

He scarcely heard, but went to his room and laid the pistol in his grip. Yesterday he might have escaped; to-day he was a prisoner.

His mind reconstructed in a score of way the scene in Margaret's dining room. Margaret white and beautiful as a thing of marble; Nora Lee flinging her arms about her mother's neck.

He kissed his lips. Her lips faltered on his eyes.

He raised her in his supple arms, and she was strong again. She turned that holy smile upon his face, "Andrew—so gladly—dear one—dear one. I know you cannot leave me long."

His arms wound against her. He dropped on his knees, as he had that night so long ago, and held her for a last, long moment, with his face in her gentle hands.

(To Be Continued.)

SMART COIFFURE

For the growing bob and the girl who does not wish to wear a transformation.

Menus for the Family

Breakfast—Chilled melon, cereal cooked with dates, thin cream, breadcrumb omelet, crisp toast, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—Filled potato balls, sliced tomatoes, brown bread, prunes stuffed with peanut butter, milk tea.

Dinner—Hot meat loaf, Delmonico potatoes, creamed carrots, molded Swiss chard salad, strawberry blanc-mange, graham bread, milk, coffee.

The leaves of Swiss chard are cooked and molded for a salad just as spinach is. Hard cooked eggs can be used for garnishing and a French dressing of mayonnaise served with the salad.

Filled Potato Balls.

Two and one-half cups mashed potatoes, two-thirds cup milk, one egg, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, two-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, left-over chopped meat, one cup white sauce.

Beat egg well and add to mashed potatoes with milk, salt and pepper. Mix and sift flour and baking powder and stir into potato mixture. Drop from tip of spoon onto a well-buttered baking pan. Flatten slightly making a depression in the center of each ball. Combine chopped meat and white sauce and fill each cup with this mixture. Cover with potato mixture and brush over with melted butter. Bake about thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven and serve at once.

Letters From The People

Readers of The Bee are invited to express their ideas in this department. The name and address of the letter writer must be enclosed FOR PUBLICATION except in such topics as the vice question where the publication of a woman's name might embarrass her. The length of the contribution should be limited to 250 words. If it is not, the Editor reserves the right to cut it down to that limit.

CONSIGNING OF FRUIT IS CALLED DANGEROUS.

Roseville Grower Declares Cash Sale System Is Best.

Editor of The Bee—Sir: The new plan for the California grape dealer will be a failure, not only to the hundreds of cash buyers, but to the growers in general. I can't really say who was the sponsor, but it's immaterial to me or to others, because the public will be the loser.

The consigning scheme is the most dangerous gamble any farmer could ever take. Consigning is worse than a poker game, which is forbidden by the law. The growers have to work all the year 'round and when harvesting time comes and those big companies' agents come along and put up a big money story, telling them how much more money they would make if they would consign, and discourage them to sell for a good legitimate cash price, we all fall and we all lose. The smartest ones are the ones who sold for cash.

There is no question this plan will take effect and, without question, will eliminate all the cash buyers who are the only ones who keep up the price of grapes. Let no one tell you what to do, but stand on your own grou- l and fight for your rights. If we want to consign or sell for cash, let's make it our own business.

As far as the railroad companies are concerned, it should not make any difference to them which way the people order their cars so long as they transport the material and collect the fare. They do not take any chances. They require a bond from every shipper, so what difference does it make to them whom they collect the money from. After all, the railroads are only the servants of the people. They give the required service and we pay for it and plenty.

BOB SANTINI,
Roseville, July 8, 1926.

COLLEGE REQUIREMENT FOR DRUGGISTS OPPOSED

Pitman Pharmacist Says Degree May Be Hard For Poor Boy To Get.

Editor of The Bee—Sir: The American Registered Pharmacists' Association of California has gone on record as supporting two proposed legislative measures; one of which is known as the pre-requisite bill. It provides that any one entering the drug business must have a college education. Now if a poor boy or girl has not the means to attend college, but is smart enough to take the board of pharmacy's examinations and pass, why, in the name of common sense, can't he or she enter the drug business?

I notice that Eugene Avery of Sacramento was elected one of the vice presidents. I know that Avery is a brilliant pharmacist, and I also know that he never had a college education. He went up against the board of pharmacy and passed a brilliant examination.

The other measure is too silly even to discuss. We registered pharmacists are the only profession that is classed with stud horses and jackasses. We have to renew our registration every year.

The A. R. P. Association would be in better business if it framed a bill to compel the wholesale druggists to keep a pharmacist on duty Saturdays and Sundays, also holidays. As it is now, should a retail druggist send for an emergency order, and it reached the wholesaler Saturday afternoon, it would not be sent out till Monday some time, and probably cost a life.

J. B. STOCKER,
Registered Pharmacist.
Rich, Plumas Co., Cal., July 8, 1926.

MANY ATHLETES SAID TO BE EXCELLENT STUDENTS

Editor of The Bee—Sir: G. P. Hurst in his letter of July 7, in reviewing my grammatical errors made me quite ashamed of myself, and perhaps he is right that those who would undertake to write the press should first learn some simple rules of grammar. He is, however, quite wrong as to the cause of the grammatical deficiencies that he noticed. Taking the number of students out for sports I counted one-third of them who are considered honor students, while the ratio of honor students in the school to the entire body is approximately one-fourth. We must also remember that every boy out for a sport makes at least passing grades. These are facts and can be proven by reference to the honor rolls and lists of teams.

A STUDENT
Sacramento, July 9, 1926.

CITIZENSHIP QUESTIONS.

Editor of The Bee—Sir: If the parents come from France and their children are born in the States, what nationality are the children?

2. A child is born to a consul of a foreign country in the States. Does that child still retain the parents' nationality or is he an American citizen?

3. Where can I obtain a book on the Constitution of America.

F. M. C.
Sacramento, July 8, 1926.

1. Americans, if the parents have come here to make this their permanent home.
2. He retains his parents' nationality.
3. In any first class book store.

AUNT HET

By ROBERT QUILLEN.

"I could bandage my ankle and smoke 'em smallest, but I'd feel kinda foolish doin' it unless I was a soldier."

BEAUTY HINTS

By PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

THE PERMANENT WAVE

To wave or not to wave? That is the question. The season of the "permanent" is descending on the wings of humid breezes.

How many hideous woolly heads we saw last season. How many tales of havoc, left in the wake of last year's permanents, are related over bridge tables! But there are just enough successful "permanents" seen, to make the proposition puzzling.

"We'll be frank," say those who know, "the 'permanent' does a certain amount of damage; but only in proportion to the neglect which the hair and scalp receive, both before and after the wave."

A healthy head of hair, no matter what the texture, nearly always takes a good permanent wave. Color cells in the healthy scalp are not destroyed by the process. Split ends and dryness, which result, are easily remedied. But the process is strenuous and constant care must be taken of the hair afterwards.

To play really safe, one should persuade the hair dresser to wave a lock of one's hair as a test first. Then the result won't be such a gamble. Oily hair generally takes a good wave but dry hair is often stronger and breaks less during the process. Look out if your hair is dyed! Certain coloring stuffs react like lye with the permanent wave preparation.

Choose your shop with care and be sure your hair is in good condition before you take the "permanent" step.

Remember those straw-like mops you've seen? They aren't at all necessary, nor are they the fault of the process. The permanent wave will get that way with too frequent washing. Wield your hair brush, instead. Get one with long, soft, pliable bristles and brush with upward and outward strokes. This not only cleans the hair, but it brings the oil down from the scalp. The "permanent" dries it out of the hair.

Oils and tonics, if your scalp needs them, should be applied with cotton. Be sure your scalp absorbs them. Don't let them remain on the surface.

Split ends should be snipped off, not singed. Treat them with oil, applied with the finger tips.

Last but not least—let me discourage those frequent and expensive trips to the hair dresser for water waves. Do it yourself. Just get some nice long, broad combs or even hair pins. It's easy to learn to slip them into place. Tie a little net over the ensemble, then do what you please about the house for a half hour till the waves emerge all trim and gleaming. One of the worst things for your permanently waved hair is the artificial dryer.

Your best shampoo is a castile soap and olive oil solution, but let me reiterate, you with the permanent wave, your best friend is your hair brush. Use it.

New York Day By Day

By O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 12.—Diary of a modern Pepys: Up bellmen and breakfasted on stewed prunes and reflects how this elegant dish suffered in popularity from boarding house puns. And K. Kitchen dropped in, and looking at the prunes, said "What! No artichokes!"

So to walk and saw Edgar Selwyn and his pretty bride and also Pierre Van Passen, the scrivener, who has been in Poland and has articled to write for newspapers from European centers. And saw a wrist watch bearing a price I thought to be $50 and about to buy when the clerk said $300 and I said "Oh" and walked away in such confusion I opened a door to a closet.

It came suddenly to rain and I stood at the curb signalling taxis until drenched and when one stopped I opened the door and a lady rushed out from a store saying "This is mine!" and rode away. So home and to bed.

In mid-town streets, a familiar figure is a man who ambles about on stilts ten feet high wearing advertising banners front and back for some movie, optical house or restaurant.

The other morning two gentlemen were leaving a theatrical club for a whiff of fresh air after a night's revels and were a bit jumpy. One finally remarked consolingly: "This is exactly what we needed. I feel fine."

The other happened to glance across the street as the man on stilts was casually straddling a contractor's street hut in his promenade.

"You might feel all right," he said with a quick gasp. "But I'm in a hell of a fix."

Fortune tellers have touts who mingle among the credulous drumming up clients in a subtle way. The cafes and night clubs are chief fields of operation. They discuss a certain sorcerer for the benefit of listeners at the next table, winding up the eulogy by giving the name and address. One of the stories, frequently overheard, was that a certain actor was going to marry a very rich woman. A fortune teller has told him so. He did but he never had been to a fortune teller in his life, although through the subtle touting the lady fortune teller reaped a whirlwind of business.

In certain remote districts New York still has those undernourished looking youths with ladders who light street lamps. They seem to have stepped from the pages of Horatio Alger Jr.'s books, where tattered heroes, stung by the lash of poverty, win success and marry the banker's daughter.

There is something interesting about the "atmosphere girls" in the Greenwich Village cafes and coffee houses. Each place has one or two. They have a wickedly knowing air, eat up cigarets with a fierce inhaling, and can discuss all the current isms. Some wear paint-flecked smocks and sandals to lighten the studio effect. They are usually known by first names, such as Colette, Yvonne, or Vera. Alger's heir job to be office-stenog actresses and give Elmer Finch, a lonely buyer, the idea The Village lives and loves lightly. Like straying husbands, they know that it is not to be misunderstood. They have suffered for Art. Which consists chiefly in crying some sufficiently "crooked" tabs collapsion out of a week's rent or a $40 dress toward which by scrimping and saving they have been able to save only $5.

New York dressmakers are trying desperately to swing fashions into flowery paths. It is their wail that woman's dress has reached the simplicity of a mere uniform and needs more individuality. Waistlines, longer skirts and more frills are being urged.

Richard Wagner's Minna

At the age of twenty-seven Richard Wagner, the great composer, met a pretty young actress named Minna Planer with whom he fell in love.

Minna was not greatly impressed at first with the struggling young musician, but his ardor carried her away and she married him.

Thereupon began a sorrowful existence for both. For a while they lived happily, but Wagner was not possessed of that temperament which makes for loyalty to one woman. He was a man who coveted the luxuries of life and the adulation of crowds and as he grew more known, little Minna receded farther into the background and became to the world, with no little assistance from the composer himself, a grossly unsuitable companion for a great genius.

However, for a time this famous couple were happy, and it was while under the spell of his first love that Wagner wrote of his passion in the opera, Tannhauser. And more definitely expressed his affection for his beautiful young wife in the following little prose terms:

"My dear good Mienel:

"My earliest occupation here (in Hamburg) after sleeping off my journey, is to write to you. I have been prattling with you all the time, even after I awoke last night and wanted to set my travel-heated blood in order with a strong effervescent powder. I had no candle and meant to feel out the inscription on the different packets; it was unnecessary, though, since you prudently had made them up of different sizes, so that I could recognize your forethought even in the dark. In the morning I at once burnt my usual chat from bed with you and Peps (Wagner's dog) to pretend I still was with you. . . .

"No, greet my friends, hold me dear and take good care of the children (imaginary). Don't throw the bedclothes off at night. Farewell, you good old sweetheart, be of good cheer and reflect that nothing in the world is as bad as this villainous pen.

"Adieu, Mienel; many, many kisses."

A Sewing Help.

One Mother Says:

When cutting out children's dresses I use paper clips along all the straight edges. These hold the material firmly in place and they slip on and off readily, whereas the pins are harder to put in and to take out and are also very liable to tear the tissue patterns.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:

We didn't know a couple were married until we saw him unwrapping.

A Trifle Startled.
(From Life).

Shopgirl—Congratulate me, I've just been offered a good job as a window dresser.

Debbie Mother — But, mercies, doesn't window dressing require that you be a window?

THE ADVENTURES OF VIVIAN VANITY
No. 1—"Introducing Vivian Vanity"

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Vivian Vanity of unknown parentage and hard childhood of poverty possessed a rare charm and manner.

She was adored by Carl Brisk, multi-millionaire and humanitarian, and by Herman Dix, who had loved her for years. With a gift for designing, she had become a style authority and owned an exclusive gown salon.

She longed for romance and dreamed of moonlit castle walls and strange, beautiful scenes of some other life.

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THE ADVENTURES OF VIVIAN VANITY
No. 3—"The Strangers Again"

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Vivian enjoyed the opera that night. She went with Carl Brisk and friends and was pointed out by many in the audience as the beautiful gown designer whom rumor had it would one day be the multi-millionaire's wife. Unconscious of the interest her appearance created, she let the music enchant her as it always did.

In another box sat the two strangers of the afternoon. They were more interested in Vivian than in the opera.